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NEWSPAPER

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MRS. HOYT.

MISS HOYT.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, MARCH 4TH.—THE PRESIDENT, WITH HIS SISTERS, RECEIVING GUESTS IN HIS ROOM ADJOINING THE BALLROOM.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 54.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MARCH 14, 1885.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL.

IT is clear that the modesty and thoughtfulness shown in President Cleveland's Inaugural Address have gained for him the respect of the country at large. He speaks like an earnest and sensible business man addressing his fellow-citizens upon matters in which all have a direct concern. We are quite sure that a more elaborate oration would not have satisfied the plain business, professional and working men of the country so well as the simple but emphatic reference of the new President to the share of every citizen in the Government and to the necessity for supplementing partisan defeat and partisan triumph by "ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will."

The non-partisan citizen asks for an honest and economical administration of the Government, unprostituted to political ends. This is plainly promised him. President Cleveland has no faith in "sectional feeling," and in his Inaugural there is nothing to keep alive this feeling, nor to indicate that "the Confederacy is in the saddle." On the contrary, we read of "amity and mutual concession" as embodied in the Constitution, of Federal and States rights to be carefully distinguished, and of the necessity for a subordination of private interests and local advantages to the common weal. The most rabid alarmist cannot take umbrage at this. President Cleveland invites his fellow-citizens to a close scrutiny of the Government, and requests them to remember that each in his sphere "exercises a public trust." To effect a proper limitation of public expenditures and a return to simplicity and economy in public life, reform is necessary, but the new President's reform is not that which has been preached by the Bourbon Democracy. He reaffirmed his adherence to Civil Service Reform, exposes the evils of the spoils system, and declares that "merit and competency shall be recognized instead of party subserviency."

As regards other leading questions, it was not to be expected that the Chief Executive should at this time enter into detailed and unnecessary exposition of his views. He has expressed himself without reservation against the continuance of silver coinage. His Inaugural declaration in favor of peace, neutrality, and an avoidance of entangling alliances with other nations is opportune and unexceptionable, but it will attract less attention than his reference to the tariff. He should put an effective end to the campaign charge that the Democratic candidate was a free-trader. President Cleveland's recommendation against unnecessary taxation and a consequent accumulated surplus in the Treasury, is less radical than the recommendations of his Republican predecessor and of a Republican Secretary of the Treasury. Such a moderate utterance would seem to enroll him with the Randall rather than with the Carlisle wing of the Democracy, and it cannot fail to reassure the business interests of the country. On the other hand, the moral sense of the community, at least in the East, will warmly approve his demand for a fair and honest treatment of the Indian. Recently attempted invasions of the Indian Territory, and of the Sioux and Crow reservations in the Northwest, and the shameful neglect of the Piegiens, give a peculiar force to this demand from a reform Administration. That the public domain should be protected, and polygamy abolished, are acceptable generalities, to be judged only by practical results. We regret to find President Cleveland infected with the anti-Chinese craze. It is un-American and, we believe, unconstitutional for us as a people to stultify ourselves by legislation against particular nationalities.

We see the principle of citizenship above partisanship, and citizenship, with all its implied responsibilities, recurring in President Cleveland's reference to the freedmen. After all, the negro has been dry-nursed long enough. His rights are assured him by the language of this Inaugural, but he must be ready to fulfill the obligations which the enjoyment of these rights brings. It is probable that thoughtful and independent action on the part of the freedmen will divide the negro vote in the South, and this would be an undoubtedly fortunate result.

The Inaugural embodies Washington's exposition of the Constitution, the Jacksonian principle of only necessary taxation, the Jeffersonian policy of economy and simplicity, and the Monroe doctrine of neutrality. These are sound precedents. Reviewing the Address as a whole, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the two great parties hold practically the same views upon

the chief questions of the day. We believe that President Cleveland recognized this fact, and therefore laid especial stress upon the underlying principle of his Inaugural, which is—"Country above Party." The only criticism which the leading opposition organ can make is, that the new President is in advance of his party, and will surely divide it. Time will show. But worse things might happen than a union of the better Democratic and Republican elements upon the platform laid down in President Cleveland's Inaugural.

RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

DEFINITE information is at length supplied concerning the advance of Russia in India. In the British Parliament last week, the Government, in reply to direct inquiries, stated that Russia had refused to withdraw her troops from their advanced outposts within the boundary of Afghanistan, and only ninety-five miles from Herat, and that the Afghans had been advised not to retire but to hold their ground, with the promise that England would support them. It was added that at one point, the outposts are close together, and there is imminent danger of collisions. It would appear that, as was stated in the House of Commons, the whole question of peace or war between England and Russia depends upon a chance squabble between hostile outposts.

If the facts are really as here stated, the situation is a serious one for England. At no time within half a century has she been so poorly prepared to meet Russian aggressions in the East as she is to-day. With Ireland in revolt, with the Soudanese problem with all its grave possibilities taxing her statesmanship and her military resources, and with the menace of possible complications with Germany hovering in the distance, it would seem that a war in Asia, where Russia could concentrate probably 150,000 experienced troops, could only result, even with the utmost expenditure of British strength, in disaster to the British arms and dismemberment of British power. In the interests of civilization, it is to be hoped that such a war may be avoided, but so long as Russia remains what she is, and the English hold upon India remains at all insecure, the possibility of conflict will always exist. Ultimately, as it seems to us, Russia will, in the nature of things, secure the southern outlet she seeks, establishing her sway from the Caspian to the Arabian Sea.

THE NEW CABINET.

THE Cabinet of President Cleveland provokes both commendation and hostile criticism. Mr. Bayard, for Secretary of State, could not be improved on; for, while there are others quite as well qualified for the duties of the office, nobody else stands so conspicuously at the front as the best representative of the Democratic Party. He is able. He is experienced. He is dignified and honest. He is familiar with our foreign affairs, and is expected to do something to correct the evils and abuses that have crept into the consular service.

The selection of Daniel Manning for Secretary of the Treasury, the second office in importance under the President, if not the very first, has already started lively criticism which is likely to increase rather than diminish. It is not too much to say that a better man could have been named for this important place. When such experienced statesmen as Thurman, MacDonald, Pendleton, Randall and a dozen other such, without mentioning anybody in New York, were ready to associate themselves with the new Democratic President, the selection for finance minister of a gentleman who never held any Government office of any kind and who is in no sense familiar with finance in its broadest aspects, is a severe comment on the spirit of the civil service laws. Mr. Cleveland is, doubtless, under obligations to Mr. Manning, and the latter knows something of politicians which Mr. Cleveland needs to know; but some smaller office than that of Secretary of the Treasury ought to have been found to satisfy the obligation and secure the service. The country will be glad to learn that its estimate of Mr. Manning has been a mistaken one.

Mr. Lamar is a man of high personal character and admitted ability, and there can be no doubt that he will administer the affairs of the Interior Department acceptably. This department is now, perhaps, the most difficult in the Government, because it includes bureaus for so many diverse objects; but Mr. Lamar's familiarity with the course of legislation on all these subjects will enable him to act with intelligence and discretion as to every important interest.

Mr. Vilas, of Wisconsin, should make a good Postmaster-general; Mr. Endicott, of Massachusetts, a safe Secretary of War; and Mr. Whitney a satisfactory head of the Navy Department. All the Cabinet ministers are men of clean records, and that is a point of vast importance in a reform administration.

But it cannot be denied that the President's geographical distribution has been fantastic. To go to two strong Republican States, like Wisconsin and Massachusetts for ministers of the Government, is a sort of new departure; and to take two members of the Cabinet from the same State to which he himself belongs, is an anomalous choice. Of the four Northern States which cast for him their electoral votes, one only gets any representation, and that secures the President and two Cabinet members. It would have seemed more symmetrical to take

McClellan from New Jersey, and either Eaton from Connecticut or McDonald from Indiana. But while the Cabinet is badly balanced, there is no reason to doubt that the members will be harmonious, and that the President will find them sufficiently intelligent and experienced to carry out his policy successfully.

A HISTORIC ANALOGY.

GENERAL BULLER has joined Lord Wolseley at Korti, and there, above the Third Cataract of the Nile, the British forces are to encamp in straw huts for the Summer. Ten thousand English soldiers must rest upon their arms, watching their fanatical foes, guarding against the dangers of tropical heat and drought, and waiting until railroads can be built to furnish them with means for further operations. This situation cannot fail to awaken grave apprehensions.

With all her power and resources Great Britain has some terrible memories of her encounters with inferior races. It is only a short time since General Hicks marched out of Khartoum into the desert with 6,000 men to attack the same enemy, and none of them returned. They were utterly annihilated. And Mr. Gladstone, while devising his plans to save Lord Wolseley and his army from a like disaster, must recall the fate of another English army sent to invade another half-civilized State, under somewhat similar circumstances. Mr. Gladstone was in Parliament fifty years ago, and was familiar with the circumstances under which Russia and England were watching each other in Central Asia, in 1835, as they are now. And then Afghanistan, a table-land filled with 6,000,000 of hardy and half-savage agricultural people, was, as now, the barrier between Russia and British power, and seemed likely to be crushed between these millstones of modern civilization.

In this contest England considered it good policy to dethrone Dost Mohammed as Ameer, and set up Shah Soojah, a pensioner of the East Indian Government. In 1837 she sent an army of 12,000 men with 40,000 camp followers across the Indus, captured Candahar Glingee and Cabool, and put Shah Soojah in power. The British statesmen and commanders of that day seemed to have the same confidence in their power and the same contempt of their rude foes, as they have shown at this day in the Soudan. They thought the task of permanent subjection was done. But the Afghans had for a century cultivated their fields in peace as an independent people. They were hardy and valiant, and were not content to become a dependency of India, like the Punjab on their southern border. In 1840 they rose in all their savage might upon their invaders, and the British army, almost starved in the terrible Winter of that lofty region, were compelled to surrender. There they had to contend against cold, as now in the Soudan against heat. On the 1st of January, 1841, the whole force capitulated upon the terms that, leaving all their artillery and money, they should have safe conduct into India. They marched out with 4,500 men and 12,000 camp followers through the snow that filled the mountain passes, and met a more terrible fate than befell Napoleon's forces on the retreat from Moscow. Notwithstanding their promise of safe conduct the Afghan leaders could not restrain the fury of their people. The native marksmen followed the retreating and comparatively defenseless host, and hurried them as the Cossacks did the French. The Pass of Khowd Cabool became the grave of nearly all the army. The last remnant—only 200 Englishmen—fell at the entrance of Juduluk Pass, and only one man, Dr. Brydon, reached Jelalabad to tell the tale.

This frightful disaster is vividly within the memory of the mothers of the young English soldiers who are now bearing themselves so gallantly in the Soudan against the tropic heats and the forces of the false prophet. If a like fate shall overtake these new invaders, it will be a poor consolation to know that England has the power and the will to avenge it. In 1842 General Pollock, with a new army occupied Cabool, and set up the son of Shah Soojah as ruler, but during the same year the British forces evacuated the country and Dost Mohammed soon returned to power, and Afghanistan yet stands as a sturdy "buffer" between Russia and England in their strife for control in the East. If some young member of Parliament who voted to sustain Mr. Gladstone last week shall himself be Prime Minister fifty years hence, he will probably be wrestling with an Egyptian problem as Gladstone is now, and may recall this Soudan campaign to point a moral for the statesmen of 1935. Civilization is a slow and costly process both in the mountain regions of Central Asia and in the deserts of the Soudan.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR has solved the problem whether a Vice-President can become President by the death of his superior, and remain at once faithful to his public trust and to the men who elected him. Tyler, Fillmore and Johnson, promoted by the death of the Presidents with whom they came into power, lost their heads under conditions singularly similar, and won first the distrust, and then the lasting dislike of the party that elevated them to office. They even found themselves classified with the party of the Opposition, which spurned them with the contempt that always awaits deserters.

General Arthur entered upon his office under circum-

stances vastly more difficult than those which surrounded either Tyler, Fillmore or Johnson. He had been nominated by a minority of his party, and a crank, who ostensibly acted in his name, assassinated the President in order that he might rise to the place. But he carried himself with so much dignity and pursued so conciliatory and conservative a policy, that he not only won the confidence of the better men in both wings of his party, and did much to consolidate and make them one, but established himself also in the confidence and respect of the Opposition. It is one of the gratifying incidents of his retirement that leading Democratic journals all over the country have spoken of his administration with a hearty commendation which has scarcely found such conspicuous expression, under similar circumstances, since the "era of good feeling," at the close of Madison's last term.

As the Prince Regent and his friends are generally jealous of the King, sometimes even setting up a hostile court for semi-treasonous gossip, so the Vice-President, the unfledged dauphin of the Republic, has often had thoughts and ambitions counter to those of the Head of the Government, whose possible executor and administrator he is. The elder Adams was a good deal worried by Vice-President Jefferson's garrulous conspiracies; Breckenridge made it rather warm for Buchanan; and Wheeler did not hesitate to amuse himself at the expense of Hayes. It is very well known that General Arthur was not influential with President Garfield, but he succeeded him without showing pique, and has presided without producing irritation. The calm temper which he has shown has been most admirable; and his administration, while by no means brilliant, will go down in history as highly successful and thoroughly respectable.

AN IMBECILE CONGRESS.

IF the Congress which has just ended its career were to assert for itself a claim to pre-eminence over all its predecessors for blind incapacity to perform or even comprehend its duties, not many men of either party could be found to dispute its title to such distinction. A more aimless, shambling, fluctuating, wandering and impotent body never undertook to legislate for a great people. It had no fixed principles and no settled policy, which it was able to define even to itself, upon any leading public question, and therefore had no resource but to drift helplessly and hopelessly according to the humor of the hour, or as some one of a dozen would-be leaders happened to be at the front. Generally the dominant party in a legislative body knows at least what it wants and means to do upon leading public questions, and has, at the same time the courage of its opinions, with a fair degree of skill in enforcing them. But the political majority of the late House of Representatives was scarcely a unit upon anything, and it was afraid to handle any leading question lest it should show itself divided. When it was right upon any subject it was as likely to be so from accident as from design.

Important questions claimed the attention of Congress at the beginning of the session. Which one of them all has been fairly considered upon its merits? The hours have been wasted for the most part upon subjects of mere party or local interests, and measures of national importance have had the go-by. The Bankrupt Bill, the Electoral Bill, the Bill to sustain the national banking system, the revision of the Tariff, the Bill to provide a building for the Congressional library, the Bill to suspend the coinage of silver, and, last but not least, the Bill to aid the States in removing the illiteracy which is the peril of the nation, have all failed to pass. Some of them have not even been discussed. The Education Bill is, perhaps, on the whole, the most important of all those that failed in the House after passing the Senate. The delay is unfortunate, but we believe the Bill is certain to be passed by the next Congress. The new President, we trust, will recognize its great importance and give it the benefit of his recommendation. It is certainly gaining favor among the people of the South, while at the North the most enlightened sentiment favors it. It ought to have been devised and passed ten years ago, for in that case we should now be reaping its beneficent fruits.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Gladstone Ministry, notwithstanding the narrow majority by which it escaped a vote of censure, refuses to resign, the Premier maintaining that he holds power under a commission from the people, and that he cannot withdraw until commanded by them to do so. The popular excitement over the fall of Khartoum and other disasters in the Soudan has abated with the lapse of time, and the display of increased vigor by the Government in its preparations for a fresh campaign, has measurably restored a feeling of confidence among the people. As yet but few details have been supplied as to the proposed movement from Snakin, but it seems to be certain that no general advance against the Mahdi will be attempted until the Summer heats are over. Meanwhile, recruiting for the British service is going on briskly, the offers of military assistance made by the colonies have been accepted, and the House of Commons has voted \$1,650,000 for extra naval expenses incurred in Egypt, and for the construction of new ironclads. A somewhat significant rumor comes from Cairo to the effect that in that city and Alexandria the native population are manifesting increased insubordination against British rule. In Alexandria threats against the life of British commander are said to have been made openly on the streets and in the public resorts.

A good deal of irritation has been caused in Germany by the publication by the British Government of the Blue Book, containing confidential conversations of Prince Bismarck concerning New

Guinea and Samoa. It is charged that the object of the publication was to "make France distrust Germany." In a speech in the House of Lords, last week, Earl Granville denied that the communications published were confidential, and declared that he had none but friendly feelings for Germany. On the other hand, a letter from a responsible source is published in the London Times, distinctly charging Bismarck with deliberate falsehood in his dealings with the British Foreign Office concerning the South Pacific Islands; and the facts as stated seem to prove the charge very conclusively. The Prince, however, may be able to explain satisfactorily what now seems to be a case of bad tergiversation, to say the least. He has already sent his son to London charged with the conveying of a special communication to the effect that the Emperor William is desirous of maintaining cordial relations between the statesmen of England and those of Germany. Advice from the Cameroons state that the British flag has been raised at several points on the Cameroon Mountains, bounding the territory occupied by Germany. The latest reports show that the situation of affairs in the Cameroons is very unsettled, the natives having been greatly alarmed by the somewhat harsh proceedings of the German "annexationists."

The 6th of April is the day set for the landing of the Prince and Princess of Wales upon the soil of Erin, and their first two days there will be spent at Belfast. Prince Albert Victor will not be taken along. It is expected that the Government will make a statement, explaining that the visit is not in consequence of suggestions made by Earl Spencer, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, but originated with the Queen, the Prince of Wales cordially agreeing to the proposition. Nationalist derision of the scheme has somewhat cooled down, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin has published a letter apologizing for the disrespectful language used by him at the Sunday mass-meeting in Phoenix Park, when allusion to the Prince of Wales's visit was received with more hisses than cheers.

If we are to believe the dispatches of the week, France alternates peace negotiations with more or less vigorous warfare in China. Advice from Peking on the 28th ultimo stated that all the dignitaries of the Chinese Empire had been summoned to give their opinions as to the expediency of continuing the war. Later dispatches report an attack by Admiral Courbet on Ching Hae, at the mouth of the Ningpo River, and the capture of the frontier town of Cuai by General Négrier. After the capture of Langson, General Négrier pursued the Chinese towards the frontier, capturing a series of reoubts. General Brière de l'Isle is advancing against the Yun-nan army, at Tuyenquan, where the French garrison lately repulsed a furious night attack. The French fleet has commenced cruising off the mouths of the Yangtse-King River, the entrance to which has already been barred, and cannonading has been exchanged between the Chinese forts and the French vessels.

The hearing of witnesses in the case of the suspected dynamiters, Burton and Cunningham, is still in progress at the Bow Street Police Court, London, and from present evidences the trial is likely to go very hard with the pair. The Redistribution of Seats Bill is under consideration in the House of Commons.

MR. CLEVELAND paid his way, just like any common mortal, from Albany to Washington. He was tendered a special train by two railroad companies, but he declined their offer, preferring to pay the expenses of the trip out of his own pocket. There would have been no impropriety at all in the acceptance of the courtesy tendered him; but there are a good many people who think otherwise, and to them the course pursued by Mr. Cleveland will be especially satisfactory.

WHETHER there is any connection between beer drinking and the frequency of suicides, it is difficult to say; one thing, however, is certain, and that is that Germany, the greatest beer drinking country in the world, has also a higher ratio of suicides than any other civilized country. The proportion of suicides to the 10,000 of the population in Germany is 4.12; in America the ratio is .52 per 10,000. In New York, where the Germans form much less than a fourth of the population, they furnish about two-thirds of the suicides.

DISCRIMINATING against gentlemen of color does not pay even in the South. The manager of a roller-skating rink in Baltimore would not permit a negro to enter the place. The latter, conscious of his rights under the Fifteenth Amendment, and indisposed to submit to such an infringement of them, sued the manager and secured a verdict from the courts for \$150 damages. This colored gentleman can make money visiting roller-skating rinks in certain parts of the country, if the principle of this decision should be generally accepted.

It is among the possibilities that complications may yet arise between this country and France in connection with the war in China. If France shall persist in carrying out her decree making rice a contraband of war, and American vessels engaged in the China trade shall be subjected to the odious right of search, as already exercised by the French upon British vessels, such a result would quite certainly ensue. Both England and Germany deny the right of France to make rice contraband, and we could scarcely do less should the decree now in force actually touch or affect American interests.

THE question of the constitutionality of the New York law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine is about to be tested. The Supreme Court has convicted Morris Marx of its violation in order to have it sent to the Court of Appeals to determine whether the Legislature has the right to enact any such law. Presiding Judge Noah Davis and Judge Brady think the law unconstitutional, unless it can be shown that oleomargarine is actually impure or deleterious in its effects. They believe that its sale as "butter" can be prohibited, but not its sale and use under its own proper designation.

THE abolition of convict labor in the State of New York has not turned out the unmixed good anticipated by the workmen, who by their agitation secured that result. Under the new system prisons which were before self-supporting will cost the State \$2,500,000 per annum. The Assembly has already passed a Bill appropriating \$500,000 for the support of the prisons, and this is only a beginning of the drain upon the public treasury which is on all hands admitted to be inevitable. Whether free labor will enjoy the payment of taxes for the purpose of keeping convicts in idleness is yet to be seen.

ONE of the last official acts of President Arthur was the issue of an order convening a court-martial for the trial of General Hazen, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, on charges of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline in having officially and publicly criticised the action of the Secretary of War. A subsequent order suspended General Hazen from duty and placed him under arrest. This action of the President will occasion little sur-

prise to those who have watched General Hazen's career; the only surprising circumstance is that his insolence and insubordination have been so long tolerated by his superiors. The popular confidence in the meteorological work of the Signal Office, so securely established during the administration of General Meyer, has been largely diminished under that of General Hazen, and if the coming trial shall result in his deposition from the position he has made obnoxious, there will be no occasion for regret.

TWO Hoboken Germans were recently sued by another German on a joint note for \$100. When the note was produced in court it was found to have been made payable "six months after death." The person to whom it was payable could not read, and the persons sued, after solemnly testifying under oath that they were not dead, were discharged. To the mind of the layman it would appear that while the makers of this note could not be held to its terms, legally, medically, or by any other than supernatural agency, the laws relating to the obtaining of money by false pretences could have been made to fit the case with salutary effect.

THEY have undertaken in Philadelphia to decide the terrible question how low cut a lady may wear the neck of her dress, without subjecting herself to the laws against indecency. A belle at the Old Mannerchor ball was regarded as too conspicuous in this direction, and was expelled from the room. She retired in deference to the command, and straightway brought a suit for damages against the managers of the entertainment. The modest court before which the suit was brought is represented as being greatly agitated by the presentation of a new question, so difficult of solution, and it is possible that there will be vacancies on the Bench before the day of trial.

AS PROPAGANDISTS the Mormons are more zealous than the majority of those having a purer faith and less repulsive social usages. The fact that their zeal is a "zeal without knowledge," only makes them the more successful with the ignorant and the debased. They have now missions in England, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, Malta, Gibraltar, Hindoostan, Australia, Siam, Ceylon, China, Chili, Guinea, the West Indies, the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Iceland, on the banks of the Nile, and even in the Holy Land. The book of Mormon is now published in many languages, and periodicals are issued in eight languages. On this continent they are colonizing for religious and political control, and some of the best portions of Arizona, Wyoming, New Mexico, Idaho and Colorado, are, to some extent, under Mormon domination.

THE Commission appointed by the Canadian Government last year, for the purpose of securing information relative to the effect of Chinese immigration upon the industrial and other interests of the country, recently sent in a report in which it was recommended that no restrictions should be placed upon the Chinese entering the Dominion, for the reason that such enterprises as the Canada Pacific Railway could not be completed for years without the aid of cheap Chinese labor. One of the Commissioners prosecuted his inquiry in California and the other in British Columbia, both arriving at the same conclusion, that the presence of the Chinese was a necessary and important factor in securing the success of various industrial enterprises. At the last session of the Canadian Parliament an Act of the Legislature of British Columbia, prohibiting Chinese immigration, was disallowed, and recently the Legislature of the Pacific Province petitioned the Dominion for a removal of this disallowance. In view of the report sent in by the Commission it is not probable that the Government will grant the petition of the provincials. It is obvious that this problem is not to be settled in a day, and that the solution arrived at in one country may differ greatly from that which diverse geographical or industrial conditions may compel in another.

FROM the revelations made last week by General Grant's physicians and family, it appears that he is suffering from a cancer at the root of the tongue—a malady which is pronounced incurable, and which has already told more seriously upon his constitution than most of his friends have been aware. The recent sensational reports of his condition have given rise to a popular impression that he is already a dying man. This is, doubtless, an exaggeration, for he is still diligently at work upon his war reminiscences. But the doctors say that he is mortally ill, and that whether his death be a lingering or a sudden one, its shadow is upon him. This is a startling and pathetic announcement, and it has gone home to hearts the world over. The General's house in this city is besieged with sympathetic, but inconsiderate visitors, while from all parts of the country come messages of tender solicitude and substantial proffers of aid and hospitality. The impulsive warmth to which the public feeling has been stirred reveals as by a sun-burst the true regard in which General Grant, the hero and the representative American, is held by the people of this country. It is a peculiarly gratifying fact in this connection, that the Retirement Bill was, with substantial unanimity, finally passed by the House of Representatives.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

GENERAL JOHN C. BLACK, of Illinois, has been appointed Commissioner of Pensions.

ONE thousand men employed on the Gould system of railroads in the West and Southwest have struck against a reduction of wages.

THE Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, as it finally passed Congress, gives \$370,000 to the New Orleans Exposition, and devotes \$3,474,000 to public buildings.

THE National Committee of the National Party has issued an address to the public in which it makes an appeal in favor of silver coinage and the issue of legal-tender notes.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's first official act in connection with legislative matters was to sign General Grant's commission as General on the Retired List, assuring him a yearly income of \$13,500.

A LARGE encampment of Oklahoma colonists is pitched near Arkansas City, Kan., whence they propose to invade the Indian Territory. Nine of the leaders have been arrested and held under bail for violation of the Federal laws.

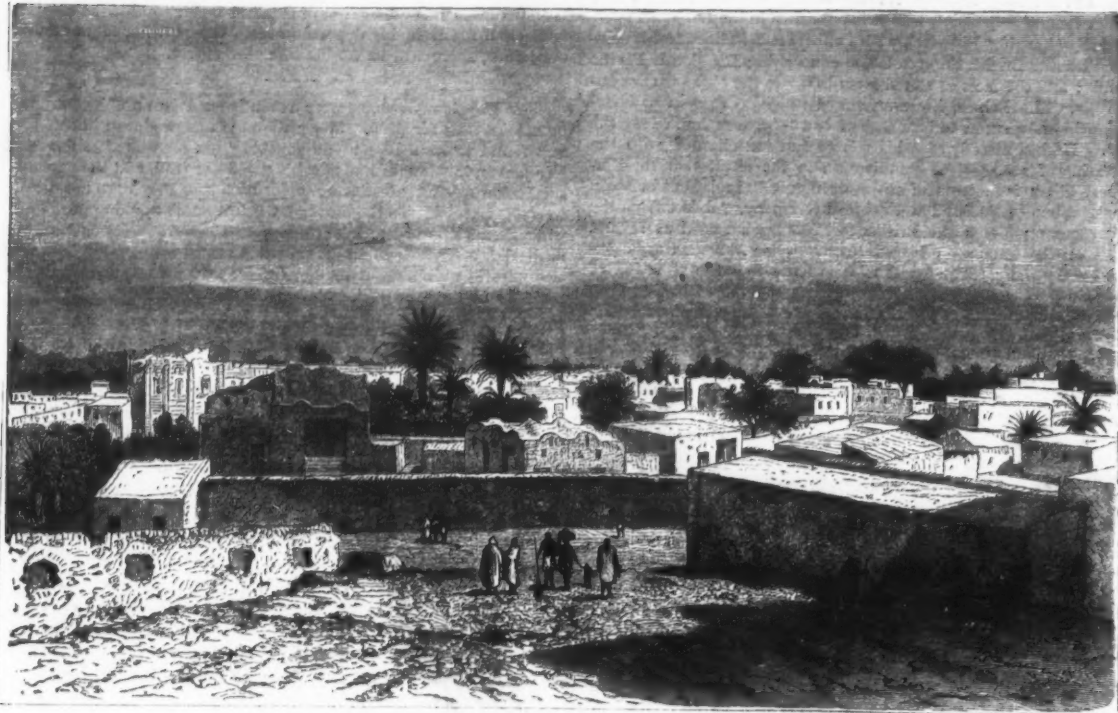
FOREIGN.

THE German Reichstag has rejected a motion in favor of the establishment of a bi-metallic standard of currency.

THE total of the enrolled volunteers in Great Britain at the present time is announced at 215,000, the greatest number yet attained.

THOUSANDS of persons are signing petitions to the Dublin Chamber of Commerce urging that body to form a grand committee of reception for the Prince of Wales upon the occasion of his visit to Ireland.

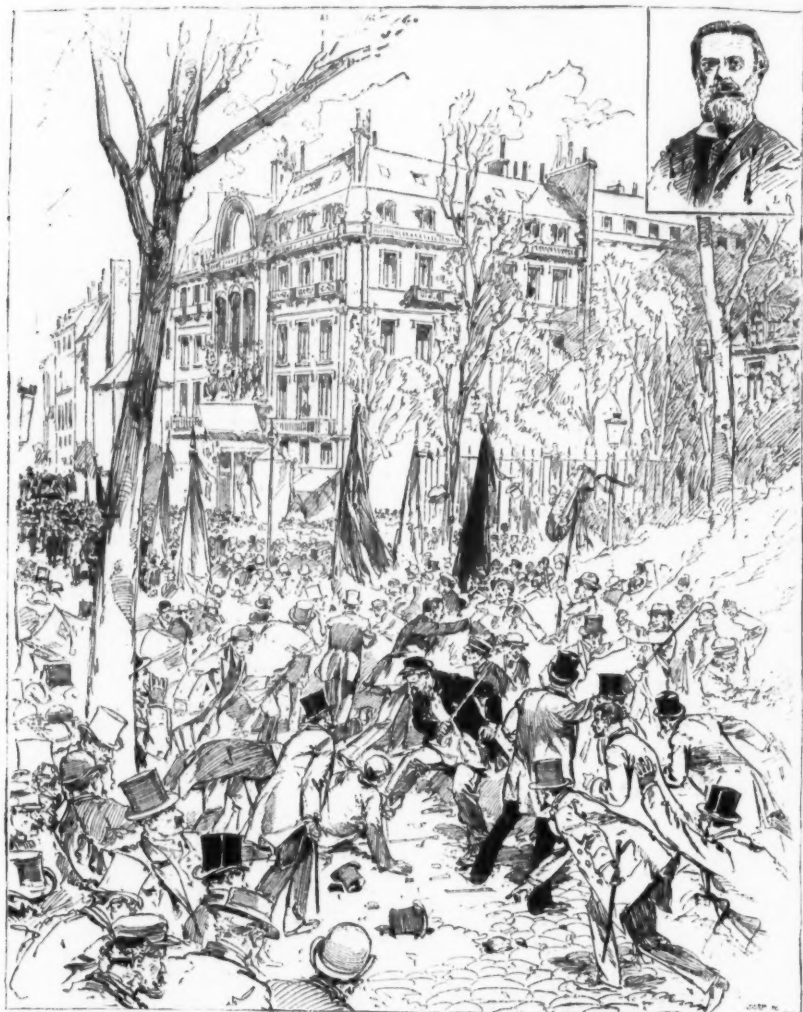
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 59.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—KASSALA, NOW BESIEGED BY THE REBELS.



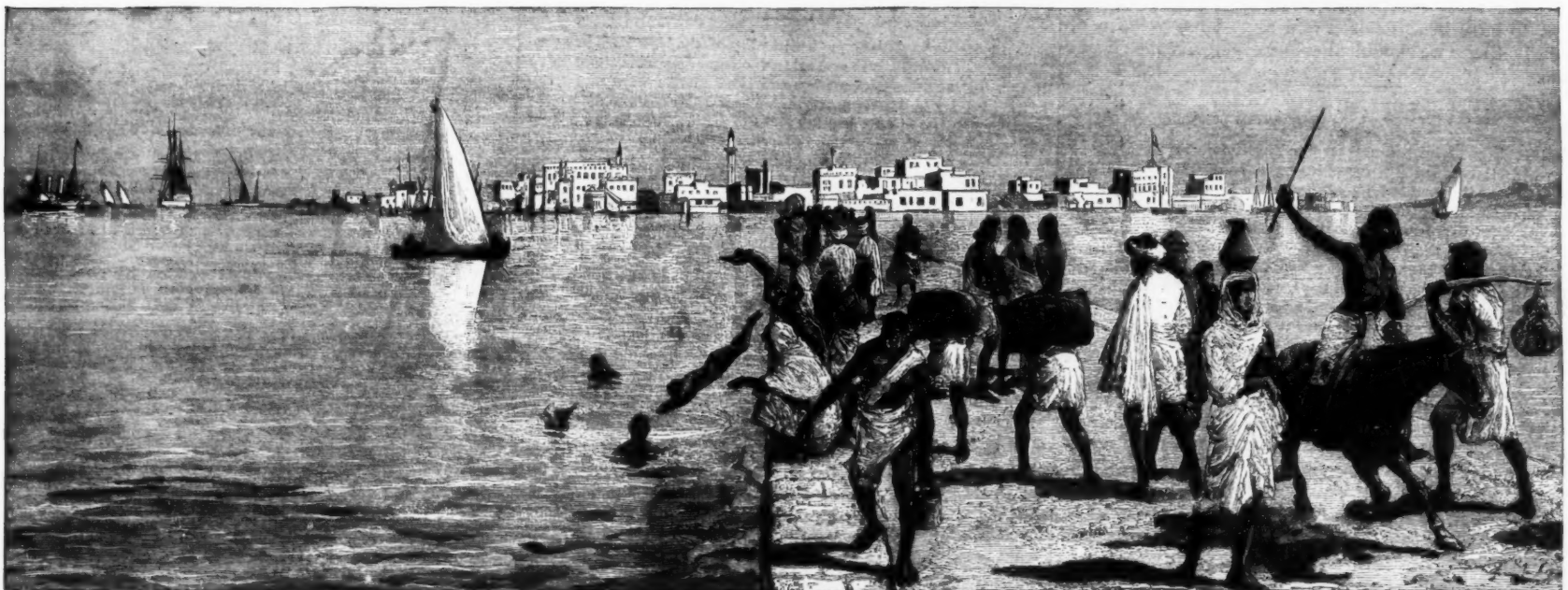
OLIVIER PAIN, ALLEGED PRIME MINISTER OF THE MAHDI.



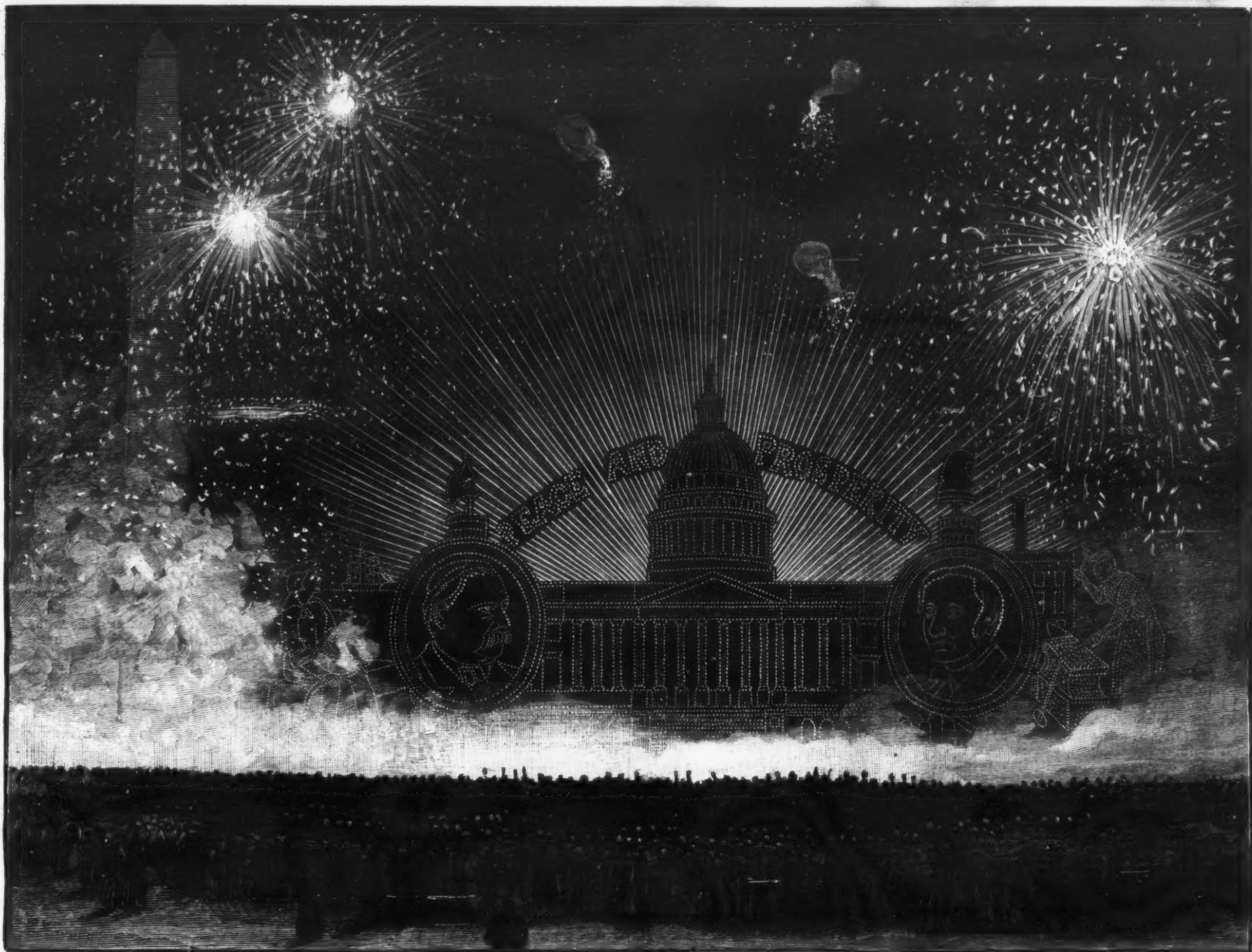
FRANCE.—THE OBSEQUIES OF JULES VALLES.—DEMONSTRATION OF PARIS SOCIALISTS.



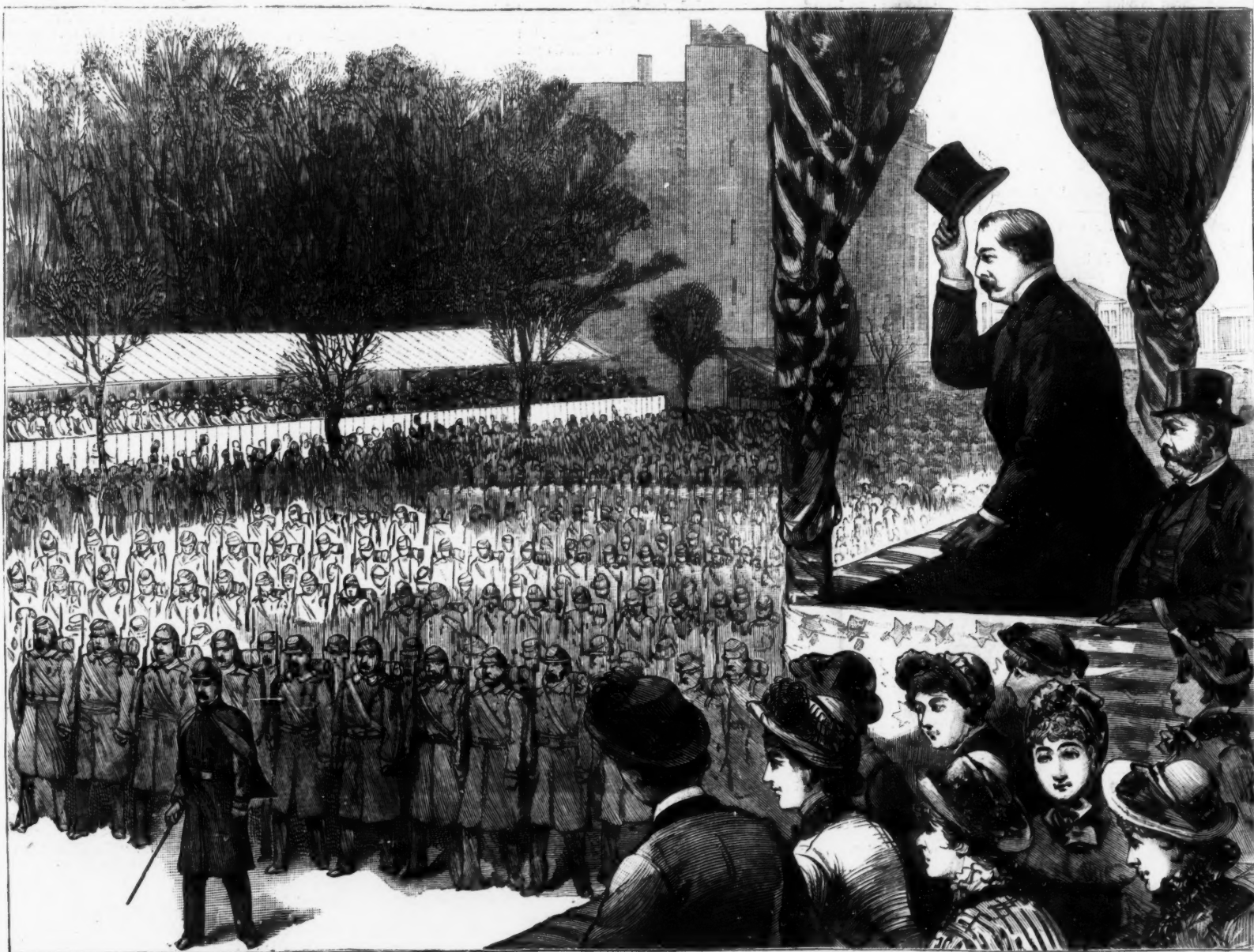
RUSSIA.—CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST, AT YAKOBSTADT, DESTROYED BY DYNAMITE.



EGYPT.—MASSOWAH, ON THE RED SEA, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY THE ITALIANS, WITH A VIEW OF THE CAUSEWAY.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, MARCH 4TH.—BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS ON THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.—THE MAMMOTH SET-PIECE, REPRESENTING THE NATIONAL CAPITOL, WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER EMBLEMS, FURNISHED BY THE UNEXCELLED FIREWORKS CO., OF NEW YORK.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, MARCH 4TH.—THE PRESIDENT REVIEWING THE GRAND PROCESSION FROM THE STAND IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 54.

ROMANCE.

MY love dwelt in a Northern land.
A gray tower in a forest green
Was hers, and far on either hand
The long wash of the waves was seen,
And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,
And woven forest boughs between.

And through the silver Northern night
The sunset slowly died away,
And herds of strange deer, illy-white,
Stole forth among the branches gray;
About the coming of the light
They fled like ghosts before the day!

I know not if the forest green
Still girdles round that castle gray;
I know not if the boughs between
The white deer vanish ere the day;
Above my Love the grass is green,
My heart is colder than the clay!

ANDREW LANG.

A DELICATE NEGOTIATION.

I HAVE seldom seen a man so easily disturbed by a trifle or upset by a combination of them as my friend Wygglesworth. When I called on him the other day I found him in a state bordering on distraction.

"I am worried nearly to death," he explained; "I am getting myself into a terrible snarl. I have a week's work to do and only two days to do it in. My cousin Tom wants me to see a man about a patent in which he is interested; I promised mother I would engage her a servant-girl; I expect a buyer here this afternoon to talk about our house on Bradford Street; I ought to make a farewell call on a friend who leaves for Europe to-morrow; I must have an interview with my lawyer on some mortgage business; and there are forty other things to be done beside."

"Which makes in all, forty-five," said I. "Now can't I take some of them off your shoulders?"
At this offer, which I made more than half in jest, Wygglesworth's face brightened wonderfully. "If you could help me a little?" he exclaimed. "There is one thing, if you would do, I could manage all the others, I think."

"What is the one thing? Unless it is some herculean task—"

"Oh, it is nothing very difficult," he interposed; "only it may require a certain amount of diplomacy. You must know there is, in this city, an old gentleman who has a niece who is the dearest, most bewitching—"

"Ah, I understand," I broke in. "You think yourself in love with her?"

"Think!" he exclaimed, firing up, "I know it! We are engaged, or shall be when we get the uncle's consent; and that is what I want you to ask for."

"Why don't you do the asking yourself?"
"Because I can't call up the necessary spunk. The doctor is a peculiar old fellow. Sometimes he is as good-natured as a kitten, while at others he is as savage as a panther. It would be just my luck to find him in one of his ferocious moods, and I am so nervous and bashful I should be sure to finish by getting myself into the very worst kind of a mess."

"And so you want me to make the expedition and try the adventure of bearding the lion, or as you term him, the panther, in his den? Really, Wygglesworth, I scarcely see how you ever managed to screw up enough courage to propose to the young lady."

"Well, to tell the truth," he replied, hesitating and flushing, "the sort of—of—"

"Took the affair into her own hands and popped to you?"

"Of course not. I wouldn't have you suppose such a thing; but she was very kind, and in a certain way led up to it, as one might say—made it easy for me, you understand. On the other hand, I am sure the old gentleman will make it tremendously hard for me."

"Yes; and no doubt he is capable of making it quite as hard for me."

"But you could endure it better; and, besides, he would have more consideration for you. You have a certain impressiveness and dignity of manner that command respect, you know. Now, with me it is different; I am comparatively insignificant looking, and I convey an idea of boyishness which is against me."

Even though we know it to be spurious, if it be not too base, there are few of us with whom the coin of flattery will not pass current. Wygglesworth saw his advantage, and lost no time in following it up.

"It will be better on all accounts for some disinterested person to go," he continued. "When a man intends fighting a duel, isn't the affair always discussed and regulated by seconds?"

I was about to make the comment, from which I could not well refrain, that his implied comparison of a duel to a wedding was not particularly happy, when we were interrupted by the announcement of "a caller for Mr. Wygglesworth, in a hurry."

"The man who wants to buy the house, probably," said my friend, rising; "I must see him at once. What do you say?—will you go?"

"Yes," I answered, for I could not withstand his beseeching look. "Where does your 'doctor' live?"

"On Battery Hill; I will give you his address—"

We were now on the stairs, and he took from his notebook a card on which he scribbled an address in pencil and handed it to me.

The early December dusk was settling down upon the city as I left my friend's house, and, as I was anxious to get rid of an unpleasant job as soon as might be, I determined to set out on my embassy at once. The weather being fine, I took my way towards Battery Hill on foot, and, having arrived in its vicinity, I consulted the card which

Wygglesworth had given me, and found the address thereon to be: "L. K. Niles, D. D., No. 13 Drey Street."

A few minutes sufficed to bring me to the door, where I made inquiry in my smoothest tones, though not without some inward tremor, if Dr. Niles was within. My question was affirmatively answered, and presently I was ushered into a sort of study or office, which was already occupied by a dressing-gowned and slippers old gentleman of sufficiently mild and pleasant aspect.

"Dr. Niles," I began, advancing with my best bow.

"Yes, sir; he seated, sir," he replied, suavely. He was evidently in one of his gracious moods, which was fortunate for me.

"I have come on a somewhat delicate mission, Dr. Niles," I continued, after having composed myself in the easy-chair he had pushed forward for my occupancy.

"Proceed, sir, without hesitation, I beg," he returned, with a reassuring smile.

"Very well, then; you are acquainted with a young man named Wygglesworth, are you not?"

"Ah, yes; but very slightly, however."

"May I ask your opinion of—of his character, from what you know of him?"

"I have heard him well spoken of," answered the doctor, seeming rather surprised at the turn of my interrogatory.

"You think him a person worthy of confidence, do you not?"

"Why, yes, sir; I suppose so; or, at least, I have no reason for thinking otherwise."

"Then, sir, I shall make bold to tell you at once that he has commissioned me to—to—in short, there is a certain young lady here whom he—"

"To whom he has taken a fancy—eh?" interposed Dr. Niles, helping my stumbling speech with a pleasant laugh. "In fact, sir," he added, "Mr. Wygglesford has been breaking the Tenth Commandment."

"Yes, sir," I returned, rather uneasily, for my mind was a little confused on the numerical order of the Ten Commandments, and I hesitated to commit myself without being sure what he was supposed to be guilty of.

"That is to say," supplemented the old gentleman, perhaps remarking my disturbed air, "he covets my little May."

"Exactly, doctor," I exclaimed, wonderfully relieved at learning that it was not burglary, murder, or any other deadly or direful sin, that had been laid at poor Wygglesworth's door.

"Well, for my part," said Dr. Niles, heartily, "I am glad of it; yes, sir, glad of it; for, since I must part with her, I am desirous that she should become an inmate in some good, Christian household. I have been told that Mr. Wygglesford's mother—"

"I beg pardon, sir, the name is Wygglesworth," interrupted, venturing to correct his second mispronunciation of my friend's name.

"Ah, yes; to be sure," he responded, good-humoredly. "I mistook the name, but I am correct in supposing his mother to be a lady who commands the very highest respect and enjoys the unbounded esteem of all who are acquainted with her."

"Oh, yes, sir," I replied, warmly, "you may be very sure of that."

"And she will contribute largely towards making a happy home for my little girl?"

"Undoubtedly, sir."

The doctor waved his hand as an indication that he had yet more to say.

"Understand me, sir," he went on; "I mean really happy, in the truest sense of the word. I have been almost a father to the child, and have treated her quite as one of my own family, so I should be unwilling for her to go where she would not be used well."

"Sir," I returned, with warmth, "I have known Mrs. Wygglesworth from my childhood, and I can assure you that, in her relations to those with whom she comes in contact, she is invariably—"

"Oh, do not fear, I do not fear," interrupted Dr. Niles, who had a decided inclination for doing most of the talking himself; "I shall give Mary into the hands of Mr. Wygglesworth and his excellent mother with perfect confidence that all will be well with her."

"Then everything is settled and understood?" said I, rising with a feeling of relief that my unsought and undesirable task had been so easily accomplished.

"Completely, sir," he returned, giving me a most benignant smile. "And, by-the-way," he added, "how soon do you want her?"

"Why, the sooner the better, of course," I answered, rather surprised at this bluntness on his part.

"Because," he explained, "I shall sail for Europe next month, and I should like, above all things, to see her definitely settled before I leave."

"I will tell my friend what you say, and resign to him the care of making the final arrangements himself," said I, beginning to edge my way towards the door. "I am very glad, and no doubt the young lady will be so well, that we have been able to arrive at an understanding so quickly, Dr. Niles."

"Yes, yes; Mary will be glad to know what is to become of her; she felt some anxiety on the point when I first announced my intention of going abroad."

"And, of course, my friend will be greatly relieved at having the matter settled," I added.

The doctor raised his eyebrows as if mildly surprised.

"He need not have felt any concern; such affairs can always be adjusted readily among reasonable people."

"Certainly, sir; and, nevertheless, he was a little troubled, knowing how peculiar—"

Here I shut my mouth in some confusion, for I had almost said, "Knowing how peculiar you were."

Luckily I managed to close up the gap and complete my sentence with—"how peculiar the circumstances were," thus saving myself from what might have been a disastrous blunder.

The doctor waved his hand (apparently his favorite gesture), but made no comment, and, as there seemed to be nothing further to be said, I executed my reverence and departed rejoicing.

I had scarcely gone ten rods from Dr. Niles's gate when, to my no small amazement, whom should I encounter but Wygglesworth. At sight of me he stopped and eyed me with a surprise seeming fully equal to my own.

"Well, well!" I exclaimed; "you are an impatient lover. You couldn't wait for me to come and report?"

"What! you haven't been already to see the doctor?"

"Oh, but I have, though," I retorted, "and I was on my way back to your house when we met."

"And what did he say?" demanded Wygglesworth, unable to conceal his emotion.

"My dear boy," I replied, exultantly, "congratulate yourself; the old gentleman was in a most angelic mood. I had no trouble whatever; it is all fixed; she is yours."

"Pendleton, you are a jewel!" he cried, grasping my hand and squeezing it with a heartiness that came near being painful. "I am so glad it is settled, and without any difficulty, too."

"Yes; the business was done as easily as that," I returned, snapping my fingers. "He gave his consent at once, only seeming at first a little anxious lest you should not be quite as kind to his Mary as he—"

"Mary!" interrupted Wygglesworth, with a puzzled air. "Who the deuce is Mary?"

"Why, your young lady, of course."

"But her name happens to be Blanche."

"Surely, the doctor called her Mary."

"Dr. Wells called her Mary?"

"Dr. Niles, you mean; he called her Mary several times, I am positive."

"What are you saying?" demanded Wygglesworth, looking as if he thought me a trifle unsettled in my mind. "Why do you call him Dr. Niles?"

"Because that is his name," I retorted, taking out my pocketbook and handing him the card he had given me.

He moved nearer a street-lamp, looked at the card and then at me.

"How do you read that?" he asked, handing it back with a queer look.

I glanced at the address, then opened my eyes and stared at it, for, to my stupefaction, instead of the words, "Dr. Niles, 25 Dey Street," which had been there before, I now read, "Dr. Wells, 67 Aphorpe Avenue."

"By all that is mysterious," I said at last, "I should like to know by what sort of necromancy I was made to see—Hulloa!" I exclaimed, suddenly; "the secret is out!"

In my perplexity I had turned the card over in my hands, and I now beheld, on the reverse, the address I had first seen.

"There!" said I, showing it triumphantly; "what do you make of that?"

He seemed much puzzled for a moment, then his face cleared, and presently he burst out laughing.

"And did you really go and see Dr. Niles?" he asked.

"Did I go and see him?" I repeated, indignantly. "Of course I did. What is the matter with you, I should like to ask?"

"Oh, nothing, only you can see what has happened. I wrote that address without noticing that the card was already occupied on the other side. You happened to get hold of it wrong end first, and, instead of going to Dr. Wells, the dentist, to ask for his niece, you have been to Dr. Niles, the clergyman, and asked for a pet servant-girl whom he is desirous of placing in a good family—"

"Then I have to do the business all over again!" said I, laughing to cover the chagrin I felt at the ridiculous mistake into which he had led me.

"No," he replied; "I think, on the whole, I had better attend to it myself. I had started out to get Dr. Niles's address, which I thought had disappeared most mysteriously, but, as you have arranged the servant-girl affair, I will 'take my courage in my two hands' and try my luck with Dr. Wells. I somehow feel as if I may be able to bring him over by my own eloquence."

And, sure enough, he did.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A BRILLIANT INAUGURATION.

THE impressive ceremony of the inauguration of a new President of these United States has again passed off successfully. Thousands of the American people actually present at the National Capital, and millions throughout the length and breadth of the land, have seen one great party lay aside the executive power of the Republic, and another great party take it up. Acquiescence without bitterness, enthusiasm without passion, and a universal sentiment of trust and expectancy for the future, once more have been strikingly exemplified by those vast thoughtful multitudes, who make these epochs in our national life grand and historic.

Inauguration Day dawned most auspiciously for the showy side of the day's portentous business. March melted to mildness, and the gentle breeze which floated the flags and stirred the bunting was like that of mid-spring. The bustle of preparation sounded long before daybreak—indeed, it had not ceased during all the preceding night. The crowd was absolutely unprecedented, and the vague statement that Washington entertained 150,000 strangers conveys no idea of the excitement, rush and gala-day spirit that pervaded the

Capital. The hotels and boarding-houses had long since been filled to overflowing, and not a few of the later comers tramped the avenues from necessity, and breakfasted with the coffee and sandwich vendors of the markets and the street-corners. Whatever it was possible to do with scantling and boards and bunting and gilt to bedeck a town for an occasion, Washington had undertaken and performed. The Pension Bureau, and all the Government buildings, on the line of march, were gay with bunting. Large American flags encompassed the gray columns of the Treasury, and long lines of pennants of every hue of the rainbow ran across the granite front of the great building. Handsome rosettes and designs in parti-colored bunting adorned the State, War and Navy Department buildings. A great floral ladder reaching to the roof of a business house on Pennsylvania Avenue bore upon its wings the words "Sheriff," "Mayor," "Governor," "President," thus graphically symbolizing the life-work of the President-elect. The street scenes were bewilderingly animated. Multitudes surged to and fro in all the principal avenues; soldiers, horsemen, bands of music, and hosts of uniformed organizations adding to the brilliancy of the picture. It was evident that this latest inauguration was also to be the greatest, from a spectacular point of view at least, and one well befitting the special interest of the occasion. Everybody said, "The first Democratic President after twenty-four years! Well, the new administration ought to come in with flying colors." And it did.

President-elect Cleveland, meanwhile, was bravely holding out against a siege of visitors at the Arlington Hotel, while President Arthur was similarly occupied at the White House. Both gentlemen rigidly denied themselves to visitors during the morning. The members of the General Inauguration Committee met at the Arlington before ten o'clock and placed their services at the disposal of the President-elect. About ten o'clock an open carriage drawn by four spanking bays with banded tails was driven up through the lane lined with crowds. It was the White House turnout, driven by the well-known White House driver, appointed by General Grant. In the carriage were Senators Sherman and Ransom, who entered the hotel for a moment and then reappeared in company with Mr. Cleveland. As a cheer went up, the President-elect and escorting Senators took their seats in the carriage, and again the crowd cheered lustily as it was driven off toward the White House, only a square away.

It had just passed the iron gates, and President Arthur was receiving Mr. Cleveland in the Blue Parlor, when another brouche, drawn by four fine white horses, drove up under the porch. It contained Vice-President-elect Hendricks and Senator Hawley, who joined the group in the Blue Parlor. Everything was in readiness for a start when, precisely at 10:30 o'clock, a gorgeously attired aide drove to the White House door and announced that the escort was prepared to move. The party entered their carriages as follows: In President Arthur's carriage, President Arthur, with President-elect Cleveland on his left; Senator Sherman facing President Arthur, and Senator Ransom on his right, facing the President-elect. The second carriage contained the Vice-President-elect, with Senator Hawley on his left. As the carriages drove out of the gates and entered the line, the occupants were greeted with the wildest enthusiasm, men shouting, women screaming and waving their handkerchiefs, and all seemed carried away with the excitement of the moment.

The President and Vice-President-elect came in for the principal share of enthusiasm, and each raised his hat and bowed right and left to the crowd, which lined both sides of the carriageway. The first division of the procession escorting the President-elect then began its march to the Capitol. The crowds fell back in dense masses, and a deafening roar of cheers and yells rent the air. The drive to the Capitol was necessarily slow, and the procession, including United States regular troops, marine corps, artillery battalions, cavalry troops, local militia, colored regiments, and the various committees in carriages, presented a magnificent picture.

Arrived at the Capitol, the Presidential party and the Vice-President-elect alighted at the vaulted entrance under the Senate porch. Escorted by the Senatorial Committee, they passed up-stairs to the Senators' lobby by the private stairway and stopped at the room of the Vice-President. President Arthur went to the President's room to sign such Bills as awaited Executive sanction, and Mr. Cleveland awaited the time for him to enter the Senate Chamber, chatting in the meantime with a few Senators and with Mr. Hendricks. The Senate, meanwhile, was closing up the business of the session; and it was within twenty-five minutes of the hour for the expiration of the Forty-eighth Congress when occurred the dramatic event of the unanimous passage of the Bill authorizing President Arthur to nominate General Grant to go on the retired list of the army, with the rank and full pay of General of the Army. The applause which followed was tremendous, and everybody agreed that Mr. Arthur's last official act was one of the most gratifying things that could have been done.

Directly afterwards, President Arthur, President-elect Cleveland, and Mr. Hendricks, accompanied by Senators Sherman and Ransom, entered the Senate Chamber. The party being seated, Mr. Edmunds said: "The Chair has the pleasure of announcing that the Vice-President of the United States is in the Senate Chamber, and, if agreeable to him, I will now administer to him the oath of office." Mr. Hendricks then stood up, and took and subscribed to the oath, and Mr. Edmunds having delivered a brief address, declaring the Senate adjourned without day, the new Vice-President called the Senate to order as in extra session of the Forty-ninth Congress, and the proclamation convening it read, and prayer

offered by the chaplain. The newly-elected Senators, and those re-elected, were duly sworn in. Then the floor and the galleries were emptied into a narrow corridor, through which the people were squeezed into the rotunda. A great platform, covering half an acre, had been put up in front of the portico, and upon it were seats for public officials and guests. Here, in the presence of a vast multitude which filled the plaza, the broad avenues radiating from it, the galleries of the mighty dome overshadowing it, and all the surrounding roofs, Grover Cleveland was to deliver his inaugural address and take the oath of office.

The platform was filled with Senators, Congressmen, members of the Cabinet, satin-robed justices, and other officials of high rank; and after a short wait a thunderous roar of applause greeted the appearance of President Arthur and Mr. Cleveland. Both wore suits of plain black broadcloth. Mr. Cleveland was much the broader man, but the crown of his head reached only to the President's eyes. The President looked ten years older than he did when he was elected to the Vice-Presidency. This was to be seen in the gray tinge in his hair, the whiteness of his whiskers, and the lines in his face. But on the other hand he never looked better than at this moment.

With his accustomed stolid yet dignified bearing, the new President advanced to the flag-draped railing of the platform, and in a clear, well-modulated voice, began his address, speaking with only an occasional reference to his notes.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In the presence of this vast assemblage of my countrymen I am about to supplement and seal, by the oath which I shall take, the manifestation of the will of a great and free people. In the exercise of their power and right of self-government, they have committed to one of their fellow citizens a supreme and sacred trust, and he here consecrates himself to their service.

This impressive ceremony adds little to the solemn sense of responsibility with which I contemplate the duty I owe to all the people of the land. Nothing can relieve me from anxiety lest by any act of mine their interests may suffer; and nothing is needed to strengthen my resolution to engage every faculty and effort in the promotion of their welfare.

Amid the din of party strife the people's choice was made; but its attendant circumstances have demonstrated anew the strength and safety of a Government by the people. In each succeeding year it more clearly appears that our democratic principle needs no apology, and that in its fearless and faithful application is to be found the surest guarantee of good government.

But the best results in the operation of a Government, wherein every citizen has a share, largely depend upon a proper limitation of purely partisan zeal and effort, and a correct appreciation of the time when the heat of the partisan should be merged in the patriotism of the citizen.

To-day the executive branch of the Government is transferred to new keeping. But this is still the Government of all the people, and it should be none the less an object of affectionate solicitude. At this hour the animosities of political strife, the bitterness of partisan defeat, and the exultation of partisan triumph, should be supplanted by an ungrudging acquiescence in the popular will, and a sober, conscientious concern for the general weal. Moreover, if from this hour we cheerfully and honestly abandon all sectional prejudice and distrust, and determine, with manly confidence in one another, to work out harmoniously the achievements of our national destiny, we shall deserve to realize all the benefits which our happy form of government can bestow.

On this auspicious occasion we may well renew the pledge of our devotion to the Constitution, which, launched by the founders of the republic, and consecrated by their prayers and patriotic devotion, has for almost a century borne the hopes and the aspirations of a great people through prosperity and peace, and through the shock of foreign conflicts and the perils of domestic strife and vicissitudes.

By the Father of his Country our Constitution was commended for adoption as "the result of a spirit of amity and mutual concession." In that same spirit it should be administered, in order to promote the lasting welfare of the country and to secure the full measure of its priceless benefits to us and to those who will succeed to the blessings of our national life. The large variety of diverse and competing interests subject to Federal control, persistently seeking the recognition of their claims, need give us no fear that "the greatest good to the greatest number" will fail to be accomplished if, in the halls of national legislation, that spirit of amity and mutual concession shall prevail in which the Constitution had its birth. If this involves the surrender or postponement of private interests and the abandonment of local advantages, compensation will be found in the assurance that thus the common interest is subserved and the general welfare advanced.

In the discharge of my official duty I shall endeavor to be guided by a just and unstrained observance of the distinction between the powers granted to the Federal Government and those reserved to the States or to the people, and by a cautious appreciation of those functions which, by the Constitution and laws, have been especially assigned to the executive branch of the Government.

But he who takes the oath to-day to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States only assumes the solemn obligation which every patriotic citizen on the farm, in the workshop, in the busy marts of trade, and everywhere, should share with him. The Constitution which prescribes his oath, my countrymen, is yours; the Government you have chosen him to administer for a time is yours; the suffrage which executes the will of freemen is yours; the laws and the entire scheme of our civil rule, from the town meeting to the State Capitals and the National Capitol, is yours. Your every voter, as surely as your Chief Magistrate, under the same high sanction, though in a different sphere, exercises a public trust. Nor is this all. Every citizen owes to the country a vigilant watch and close scrutiny of its public servants, and a fair and reasonable estimate of their fidelity and usefulness. Thus is the people's will impressed upon the whole framework of our civil polity, municipal, State, and Federal; and this is the price of our liberty and the inspiration of our faith in the republic.

It is the duty of those serving the people in public places to closely limit public expenditures to the actual needs of the Government, economically

administered, because this bounds the right of the Government to exact tribute from the earnings of labor or the property of the citizen, and because public extravagance begets extravagance among the people. We should never be ashamed of the simplicity and prudent economies which are best suited to the operation of a republican form of government, and most compatible with the mission of the American people. Those who are selected, for a limited time, to manage public affairs are still of the people, and may do much by their example to encourage, consistently with the dignity of their official functions, that plain way of life which, among their fellow citizens, aids integrity and promotes thrift and prosperity.

The genius of our institutions, the needs of our people in their home life, and the attention which is demanded for the settlement and development of the resources of our vast territory, dictate the scrupulous avoidance of any departure from that foreign policy commended by the history, the traditions, and the prosperity of our republic. It is the policy of independence, favored by our position and defended by our known love of justice and by our power. It is the policy of peace suitable to our interests. It is the policy of neutrality, rejecting any share in foreign broils and ambitions upon other continents, and repelling their intrusion here. It is the policy of Monroe, of Washington, and Jefferson: "Peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations; entangling alliances with none."

A due regard for the interests and prosperity of all the people demands that our finances shall be established upon such a sound and sensible basis as shall secure the safety and confidence of business interests and make the wages of labor sure and steady, and that our system of revenue shall be so adjusted as to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation, having a due regard to the interests of capital invested and workmen employed in American industries, and preventing the accumulation of a surplus in the Treasury to tempt extravagance and waste. Care for the property of the nation, and for the needs of future settlers, requires that the public domain should be protected from purloining schemes and unlawful occupation.

The conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the Government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship; and that polygamy in the Territories, destructive of the family relation and offensive to the moral sense of the civilized world, shall be repressed. The laws should be rigidly enforced which prohibit the immigration of a servile class to compete with American labor with no intention of acquiring citizenship, and bringing with them and retaining habits and customs repugnant to our civilization.

The people demand reform in the administration of the Government and the application of business principles to public affairs. As a means to this end, civil service reform should be in good faith enforced. Our citizens have the right to protection from the incompetency of public employes, who hold their places solely as the reward of partisan service, and from the corrupting influence of those who promise and the vicious method of those who expect such rewards. And those who worthily seek public employment have the right to insist that merit and competency shall be recognized instead of party subservience, or the surrender of honest political belief.

In the administration of a Government pledged to do equal and exact justice to all men there should be no pretext for anxiety touching the protection of the freedmen in their rights, or their security in the enjoyment of their privileges under the Constitution and its amendments. All discussion as to their fitness for the place accorded to them as American citizens is idle and unprofitable, except as it suggests the necessity for their improvement. The fact that they are citizens entitles them to all the rights due to that relation, and charges them with all its duties, obligations, and responsibilities.

These topics, and the constant and ever varying wants of an active and enterprising population, may well receive the attention and the patriotic endeavors of all who make and execute the Federal law. Our duties are practical, and call for industrious application, an intelligent perception of the claims of public office, and, above all, a firm determination, by united action, to secure to all the people of the land the full benefits of the best form of government ever vouchsafed to man. And let us not trust to human effort alone; but, humbly acknowledging the power and goodness of Almighty God, who presides over the destiny of nations, and who has at all times been revealed in our country's history, let us invoke His aid and His blessing upon our labors.

At the conclusion of this address, Chief-Justice Waite arose, amidst the renewed cheers of the vast assemblage, to administer the oath. Chief Clerk McKenney, of the Supreme Court, stood just to the side of Mr. Cleveland, and held the Bible upon which the oath was administered, the President-elect also holding it with his right hand.

The Bible used was a small morocco-covered gilt-edged volume, pretty well worn. It was the Bible which Mr. Cleveland's mother had given him when he left home as a young man, and at his special request the committee of arrangements had it in readiness for the ceremony.

The return to the White House was followed by what must have been the most imposing procession ever witnessed in Washington—that city of pageants. Besides the regular troops, there were representative organizations, civil or military, from twenty States. There must have been 30,000 men in line, and the procession was five miles long, and nearly three hours in passing. The streets were in perfect condition, and the sun shone brilliantly. The procession was arranged in four general divisions—three military and one civic. The first division was composed of regulars and the district militia, under the command of General Ayres. The second consisted entirely of Pennsylvania Militia, under the command of Major-general Hartman, with Governor Pattison at the head of the little State army of 8,000 men. The third division was a miscellaneous collection of forty organizations, comprising troops from Virginia, Maryland, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Missouri, Ohio, Minnesota and District of Columbia. It was in command of Major-general Fitzhugh Lee, a nephew of General Robert E. Lee, and himself a man who bore a distinguished part as a leader in the lost cause. In this division, the "gallant Sixty-ninth" Regiment of New York attracted special attention. The civilian display, making up the fourth division of the procession, included the Democratic political organizations of New York, clubs innumerable, a troop of cavalry representing the Cleveland electoral vote by States, and a grand firemen's turnout. The music was abundant; a dozen of the most celebrated bands in the country

were in line, to say nothing of a hundred minor ones. After the review of this parade, which lasted three hours, Mr. Arthur gave a lunch at the White House.

In the evening, the grand and much-talked-of Inauguration Ball appropriately finished the round of celebrations. The new and unfinished Pension Building had been transformed as if by magic into a spacious and beautifully decorated ball-room, with reception-rooms, supper-rooms and promenades in keeping. The New York decorator, Mr. Theodore Gursel, to whom had been intrusted this work, had made the most of a fine opportunity to display his artistic resources. The ball-room was 316 feet long and 116 feet wide, divided almost into three separate ball-rooms by two rows of pillars that rise 75 feet to the banded roof. Around this vast central space was a loggia promenade 12 feet wide, from which opened the cloak-rooms, reception-rooms and supper-rooms. At either end and either side broad stairways rose by easy flights to the first gallery or balcony surrounding the court. From the second gallery sprang the row of columns supporting the third gallery. All these pillars and columns and the line of the balcony rail were first covered with white muslin and then wound with broad wreaths of evergreens. Between these spiral lines were fastened broad palm-leaf leaves for half of the height of the tall columns. The 141 smaller columns surrounding the ballroom and inclosing the promenade were wreathed with palm leaves, and on each one was fastened a large satin banner, in stripes of red and white sash ribbons, with a field of blue embroidered with heavy silver stars. Over each arch, between these columns, were large trophy shields, with six silk flags fastened to silver-pointed spears, arranged as a background. Each corner of the ball-room contained a large pyramid group of fan and date palms and clumps of palm-trees, which, with all the other floral decorations, were supplied by Mr. James B. Neal, also of this city. The walls of the promenade were covered with banners and flags, and handsome satin and brocade curtains were draped at every door and window. The balcony rail was hung with a wide drapery of crimson velvet, embroidered in bullion and spangles. The white radiance of the great Siemens burners brought out every detail with vivid distinctness.

On the north and east ends of the ball-room, opening from the promenade, were the supper-rooms, under the management of Messrs. Hunting & Hammond, of the Murray Hill Hotel, New York city. The tickets for the supper-room were sold separately at \$1 each, and entitled the holder to any or all of the viands on the menu printed in the little blue and silver book of the ball programme. Only 500 persons were admitted to the supper-rooms at a time to avoid crowding, and wines were served in a separate room.

The two Presidents, with their respective parties, were present from about half-past ten o'clock until midnight. The whole company seemed bent upon exercising the American's privilege of shaking the new ruler's hand, and pushed toward it from all corners. The President's sisters, Miss Cleveland and Mrs. Hoyt, with Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks, formed part of the receiving party. After this ordeal, the new President and the new ex-President retired, without having indulged in the dissipation of the dance.

All the traditions as to the size and distinguished quality of the assemblage, and the brilliancy of the entertainment, were realized and surpassed at this grand Inauguration Ball of 1885. The mere mention of the more celebrated guests and the confectious in the way of feminine toilette, have taken up whole pages in the daily newspapers.

All Washington was brilliantly illuminated during the night, and the sky itself blazed with many-colored fireworks, which caused the natural lights of the firmament, for the time being, to twinkle dimly in their spheres.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 28TH.—In New York, John T. Pittman, a well-known old resident, aged 84 years; in Florence, Ala., ex-Governor Robert M. Patton, aged 76 years; in Louisville, Ky., ex-Governor Beriah Magoffin. March 1st.—In Boston, Mass., John Q. A. Bean, Eastern Agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad; in Northfield, Vt., Colonel Francis V. Randall, Vice-President of Norwich University; in New York, Isaac Burpee, member of the Canadian Parliament for St. John, N. B., aged 60 years; in Boston, Mass., Rear-admiral George H. Preble, United States Navy, aged 75 years; in Fairview, N. Y., the Rev. Alonzo Flack, President of Claverack College. March 2d.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Orestes P. Quintard, for sixteen years Secretary of the Brooklyn Bridge Trustees, aged 67 years; in Louisville, Ky., B. F. Avery, founder of the Avery Plow Manufactory, aged 84 years; in New York, A. D. Bradley, actor; in Baltimore, Md., Dr. Felix McManus, a well-known old physician, aged 75 years; in Cranston, N. J., Lieutenant E. S. Vanderpool; in Glen Cove, L. I., David A. Valentine, a well-known old Long Islander. March 3d.—In St. Augustine, Fla., General Charles P. Easton, of Albany, N. Y., aged 60 years. March 4th.—In Elkton, Md., the Hon. Hiram McCulloch, formerly Speaker of the State Legislature, aged 70 years; in Westfield, N. Y., the Hon. Thomas B. Campbell, aged 97 years. March 5th.—In Russia, Gregory Helmersen, the Russian naturalist, aged 82 years; in Indianapolis, Ind., Joshua Locke, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Indianapolis Journal*; in New Orleans, La., Bishop Linus Parker, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, aged 56 years; in New York, Mrs. Helen Dodge Irving, niece of Washington Irving, and wife of the late Pierre M. Irving, aged 81 years; in New York, S. W. Arnold, a prominent member of the Produce Exchange, aged 59 years. March 6th.—In New York, James Scott, the well-known coffee importer; in Albion, N. Y., ex-Congressman Lorenzo Burrows, aged 81 years; in New York, Charles A. Whitney, Secretary of the East River National Bank, aged 70 years; in New York, John J. Chase, ex-Superintendent of the Hoboken Ferry, aged 70 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., T. S. Arthur, the well-known writer and publisher, aged 76 years.

THE United States Government is the greatest printer and publisher in the world. The aggregate number of Governmental publications issued annually amounts now to about 2,500,000, of which about 500,000 are bound volumes. Think of it! A great national library in size issuing every year from the Government presses. Of course the same number has not been issued every year even for the past twenty-five. This is the maximum. But a moderate estimate will put the aggregate publications of the Government from the beginning until to-day at from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000. Imagine a catalogue of commensurate size.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE British Army is now said to number 181,000 men.

CINCINNATI packed 385,435 hogs during the Winter season just closed.

A BUST of the poet Longfellow was unveiled at the City Hall, Portland, on the 27th ultimo.

A CHICAGO court has decided, in the case of a Roman Catholic boy, that he cannot be compelled to participate in any form of religious worship in the public schools.

A BILL passed by the lower branch of the Minnesota Legislature, fixes liquor licenses at \$500, and gives villages the option of not licensing saloons at all.

THE proposed canal treaty between the United States Government and that of Nicaragua was unanimously passed by the Nicaragua Senate on the last day in February.

FROM Berlin comes the announcement of the adoption of the old-fashioned hoop-skirt in a modified form. If it is modified so that a woman will not occupy more than two seats in the street-cars we may be able to survive it.

It is reported that the Government of Belgium has decided to ask the Chambers to authorize King Leopold to assume the title of King of the Congo State, with power to direct the affairs of the State through a council sitting at Brussels.

"EARLY gleams of Spring" are now found in the Metropolitan Market stalls; but with asparagus at one dollar for a bunch of six sprouts, and precocious strawberries at about one dollar a dozen berries, or one shilling each, these "gleams" can scarcely reach any save the wealthy.

AN old army surgeon, who was with General Grant a good deal during the war, says that he never but once heard him use any word which could be called profane, and that was "dog on it." The General used to say that he kept a staff officer to do the swearing for him when occasion required.

A MOTION has been presented in the German Reichstag requesting Prince Bismarck to take steps to bring about a resumption of the conferences dropped in 1881 to effect a resumption of silver coinage of full value by America, the Latin Union, Germany, and any other States willing to join the movement.

THE trans-Atlantic traffic for the month of February last was one-third less than during the same month of last year. The total number of vessels arriving at this port was 336, as against 449 in February, 1884. The arrivals of vessels from domestic ports was 290, as against 486 for the same month last year.

Two hundred and sixty-two Canadian voyagers reached home last week from their Nile expedition. Many of the voyagers brought home relics of the land of the Pharaohs, including many Arab spears smeared with the blood of English soldiers killed on the Soudan battlefields. The cost of the 350 voyagers to the English Government was \$3,000 a head.

THE February debt statement shows a reduction of \$3,205,000 for the month, making a total of over \$44,000,000 for the eight months just closed, against \$67,600,000 for the corresponding eight months of the preceding fiscal year. This so-called reduction arises from the fact that the cash in the Treasury has increased \$5,665,000 since February 1st.

WHILE crossing Tyroneza River, Arkansas, on a mule, the rider, a negro, fell off and was drowned. The mule came safely to shore and was taken possession of by the local justice. The river was dragged, the negro's body found, and on it a pistol. He had been dead three days, but the squire fined him \$50 and costs for carrying concealed weapons, and confiscated mule and pistol to pay the same.

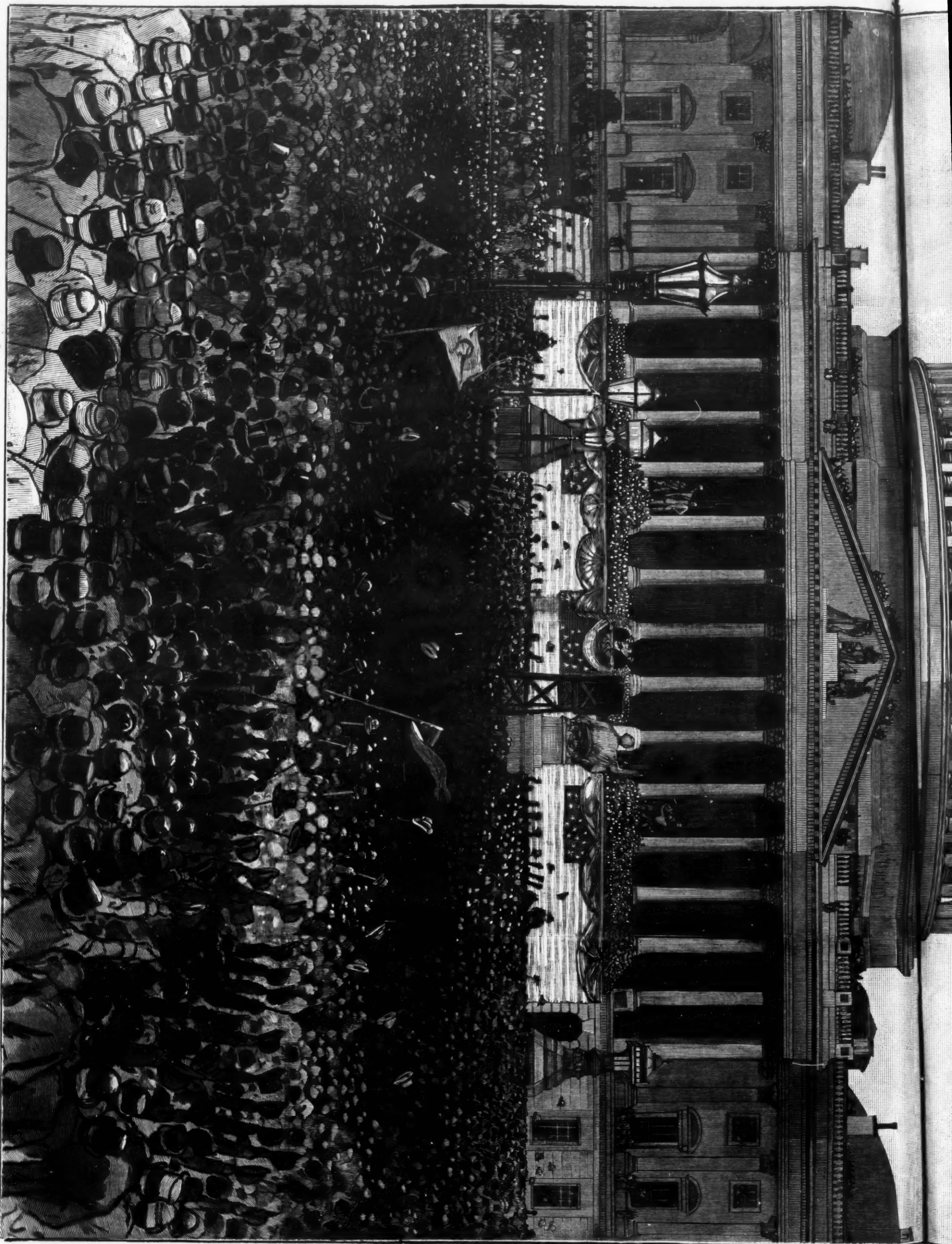
THE February debt statement shows that the silver dollars in the Treasury now number about \$153,561,007—a gain of nearly \$3,000,000 in twenty-eight days. Thus the entire coinage for the month and about \$1,200,000 in addition have been poured into the Treasury vaults. The silver certificates outstanding amount to \$111,467,951, making the amount of silver dollars not covered by certificates over \$42,000,000—a net increase of \$5,773,000 during the month.

AFFAIRS on the border between Texas and Mexico should somehow be adjusted. Only recently large bands of Mexican marauders crossed the Rio Grande and indulged in an organized battle with the inhabitants of Demmit County. Later, word came from the disturbed district that three innocent Mexican herders were taken from a ranch and hung by way of retaliation on the invading greasers. Mexico should be compelled to keep her cattle thieves within her own boundaries.

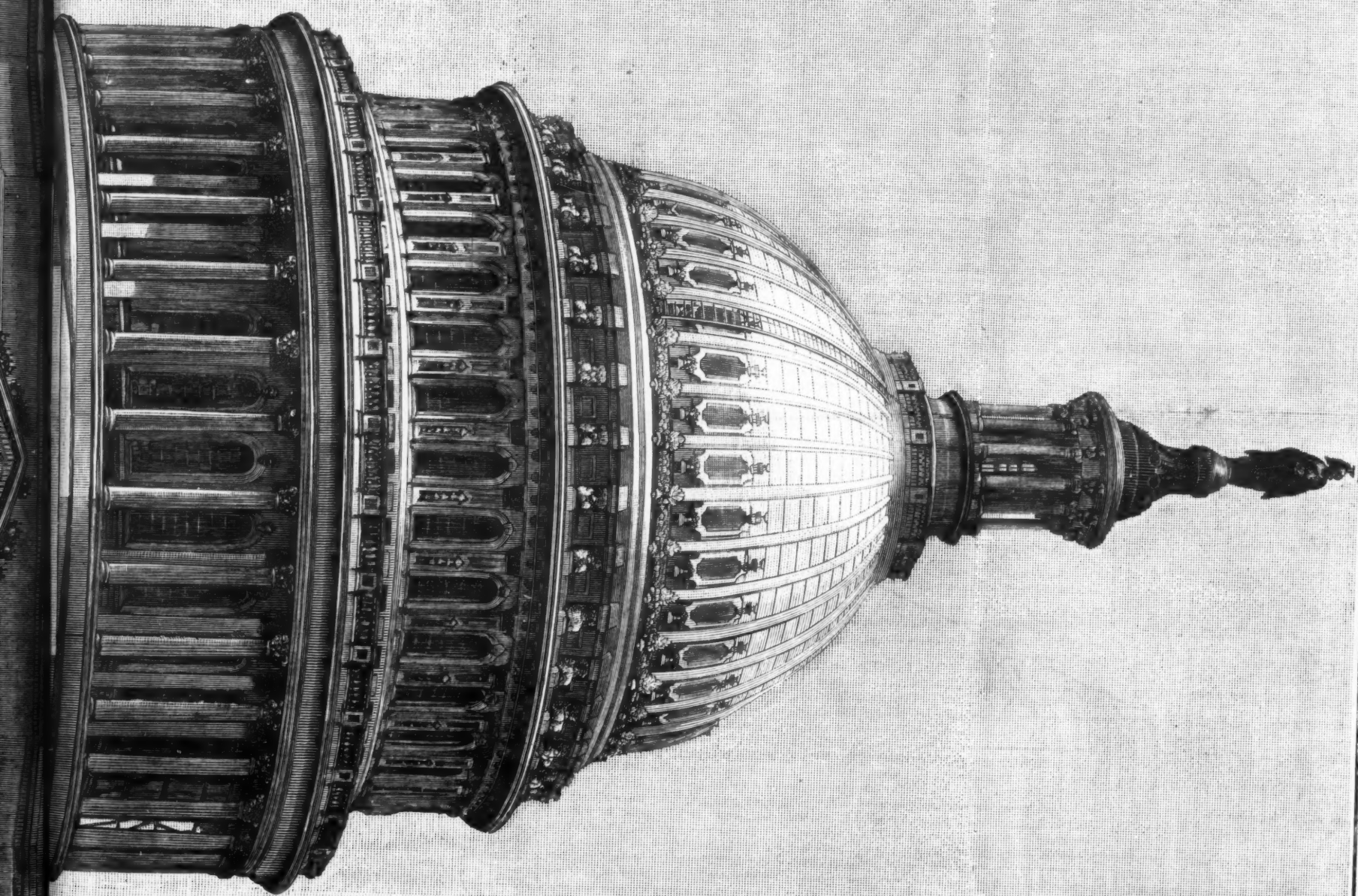
SEVERAL young ladies well-known in Philadelphia society have organized a "Woman's Athletic Association," and propose to open a gymnasium soon. A skating-rink for their exclusive use will be attached. Riding in Fairmount Park, under the guidance of regular riding-masters will also be a feature of the club's healthful diversion. The by-laws of the Association provide that gentlemen shall not be admitted to the rink or gymnasium, and that only riding-masters employed by the Association shall accompany the members on their riding expeditions.

THE River and Harbor Bill failed to pass the Senate. All the Appropriation Bills were passed. The Pacific Mail subsidy of \$800,000 was also finally agreed to by both Houses. The compromise Naval Bill, as agreed upon by the two Houses, makes no provision for the completion of the *New York* or the monitors, omits the appropriation for Ericsson's *Destroyer*, and abolishes the Advisory Board. The Senate amendments, providing for two cruisers, one heavy gunboat, and one light gunboat, are retained, and \$500,000 for their armament is appropriated.

OFFICIAL dispatches affirm that the amount of sickness and crime among General Wolsley's troops in Egypt is unusually light considering the climate and circumstances. The temperance newspapers call particular attention to these facts, and attribute the health of the army in the Soudan to the sparing use of stimulants by the soldiers. No liquor can be purchased south of Wady-Halfa, and General Wolsley sternly punishes any native caught selling a drop to one of his men. Ten thousand gallons of rum were shipped to the commissariat department in November, but little of it has thus far been used.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, MARCH 4TH.—POPULAR OVATION TO THE PRESIDENT AT THE MOMENT OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE OATH OF OFFICE.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 54.



THE SILENT WITNESS.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

ONE mild Saturday, mindful of the feeling nature of autumnal mildness, Mr. Gorham, despite his well-kept resolution never to incur the risk of seeing Catherine behind the counter, by visiting Shropshire Stand during the week, concluded that he must go to amend his arrangements for the Sunday. Rosa was looking pale. He wanted to suggest an early start for a distant dairy farm the next morning.

At the door of the little shop, evidently having the same goal in view as himself, Mr. Gorham met the "Providence of Shropshire's Stand."

The two men stared, bowed and entered the little book-store neck and neck. Mr. Gorham looked around with some surprise but entire satisfaction, Mrs. Kendall was nowhere to be seen.

The elderly gentleman looked around with some surprise and keenest disappointment, for the very same reason.

A young man, very slim about the waist, very red about the face, with huge black freckles dispensed with impartial liberality over his face, neck and hands, stepped forward with impetuous alacrity.

"Morning gents! Show you anything? Paper? Bes' an' cheap'at in th' market! Inkstands? warranted never t' upset! Books? all kinds—schoolbooks, g'ographies, his'tries, rithmetickers, late's novils, prayer-books, purty enough to convert Captain Jack himself! Show you anything, gents? No charge for showin'."

The volubility with which the red-haired young man rattled off this seductive invitation to purchase, would have made the reputation of a first-class auctioneer—the absence of three front teeth proving no impediment whatever to the flow of his commercial eloquence.

"Where is—ah—where is Betty?" asked Mr. Gorham, skirmishing about his main inquiry.

"Ah, yes! exactly, young man, where is the excellent young woman whose place you seem to be filling?" asked the elderly gentleman.

Mr. Gorham's fine straight brows arched themselves in angry surprise at this echo of his own inquiry.

"Absent temporarily, sir, both honored sirs," red head answered, briskly.

"And—Mrs. Kendall?" pursued the lawyer, reluctantly calling her name in the presence of a shop-boy and an inquisitive old man.

"Also absent temporarily," said the boy.

"Absent!" Mr. Gorham said, incredulously.

"Absent!" echoed Shropshire's Providence, distressfully.

"Only temporarily, gents, only temporarily, for a few days, or p'haps weeks, or possibly months, I should say," the new storekeeper says, reassuringly.

"Do you mean absent from the city, young man?" asked the lawyer, now too much agitated to notice the strange behavior of the elderly man, who had sunk upon a store stool and dropped his head upon his cane, like a man stunned by a sudden blow.

"I mean exactly that, sir."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Trying to make a trade with two gents as seems me' uncommon indifferent to all the lovely things about 'em," he answered, with a grin.

"Are you keeping this store now?"

"Temporarily, sir, only temporarily."

"Until when?" asks Mr. Gorham, craftily.

"Until the madame and my sister Betty gets back."

"You are Betty's brother, then?"

"Exactly."

"And they have left you in charge?"

"Exactly."

"You have no idea of their destination?"

"Which, sir?"

"No idea where they have gone?"

"No more, sir, than you or the old boss yonder. Hillo! sick sir?"

The latter part of this sentence was addressed to the elderly gentleman, who had raised his head to listen to this colloquy, and displayed a most distressed countenance.

"No," he answered, with stately suavity; "I am quite well, I thank you. May I inquire if you are perfectly certain the lady's absence is only—"

"Temporarily, sir, temporarily, quite sure; sorry I can't show you gents anything this morning—g'ographies, rithmy—s'cuse me!" With which he darted towards the other end of the counter where stood a customer, who probably meant business, leaving his two unprofitable visitors to ponder over this great surprise at their leisure.

What did it mean? Could Gregory Kendall have returned since the last Lord's Day, and still fearful of public opinion, stolen away with his wife and child like a thief in the night? Or had he written and she had flown to him, without one word, one line to the man who had befriended her through the darkest period of her existence? Did this boy know nothing of her movements, or was he pledged to silence?

It was all so dark and mysterious that Mr. Gorham waxed angrily resentful. No one else being at hand, he emptied the vials of his wrath upon the unoffending head of Shropshire's Providence with finite justice.

"Sir," he asked, turning with sudden fierceness toward the stool where the elderly gentlemen still sat, leaning his chin meditatively upon his folded hands as they rested upon the heavy gold head of his cane. "I hope I am not transcending the limits of gentlemanly courtesy, in inquiring why you seemed so evidently shaken by the information this young man has just given me."

"I hope, sir," was the quietly given reply, "that you will not consider me lacking in gentlemanly courtesy, if I decline to answer your inquiry,

not recognizing any right on your part to question my words, my looks, or my actions."

Mr. Gorham flushed darkly as he retorted: "I am the lady's legal adviser, and in some sort her guardian. Is that not sufficient authority for asking the question you are evidently disposed to consider impertinent?"

"It certainly does lessen the presumption of your inquiry, but renders it none the more obligatory upon me to explain why the young man's information has undoubtedly both surprised and distressed me. I am, in some sort, this lady's friend, and where I am concerned she is never likely to require the services of a guardian."

The retort courteous given with the utmost neatness, thought Mr. Gorham—"in some sort her friend"—as he recalled that expression his anger and resentment burned hotter and fiercer against Catherine, himself and this white-haired interloper. He wished that the stranger would go away so that he might interrogate Betty's brother a little closer. He was resolved to know all that the boy knew before returning to his office.

The stranger was wishing precisely the same thing from a similar motive.

Then both had recourse to stratagem.

Mr. Gorham turned to leave the store, and Shropshire's Providence, grown suddenly indifferent to marbles, sealing-wax and all the other pretexts scattered about, rose too, apparently for the same purpose. Stopping in front of Mr. Gorham, he raised his hat with courtly politeness, and extending a card, remarked:

"Should you find, sir, that you desire any further parley with me, by calling at the Belmont House and inquiring for me by the name on that card, you can have full satisfaction concerning anything you have a right to inquire into." Having cast this Parthian dart, he leisurely buttoned his coat over his broad, full chest, and stiffly bowed himself out of the precincts of Shropshire's Stand.

Mr. Gorham glanced with some curiosity at the card left in his hands. It was not a business card, nor did it indicate a local habitation, only a name—and that simply traced in pencil marks on a plain white parallelogram: "Colonel Ethan Haversham."

Mr. Gorham turned abruptly upon his heel and took the opposite direction.

Whoin the world was Colonel Ethan Haversham, and what in the deuce was Catherine Kendall up to now? Those two angry interrogatories filled his wondering brain to the exclusion of every other consideration.

Walking aimlessly about the square for some twenty minutes, he wandered restlessly back towards the open door of Shropshire's Stand.

At last he would have an opportunity to cross-examine Betty's brother to his heart's content. Alas! for human calculations, he was just facing the open window, when the brisk voice of Freckle-face floated out to him:

"Only temporarily, sir; only temporarily. Show you anything, sir?"

One savage look into the store showed Mr. Gorham that he had been flanked, and, whirling so suddenly that his boot-heel ground a little circle in the pavement, he left Colonel Ethan Haversham in possession of the field.

CHAPTER X.—A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

IN one of the roughest and wildest counties of Texas, close to her unquiet border, a gloomily dense forest stretched its dismal length miles upon miles, many years ago.

To the eye of a traveler fresh from Eastern civilization and those refinements of luxury that are the handmaidens of progress and wealth, this region would seem totally uninhabitable for human beings. But, that human beings did move and live and have their being with a certain degree of semi-barbaric content, within sound of those ever-sighing pine branches, was testified to by the poverty-stricken homesteads that crouched here and there under its perpetual shadow.

Homesteads in name, miserable barns in reality. Unpainted and roughly clap-boarded; unglazed windows, with plank shutters swinging recklessly on one rusty hinge; a wilderness of weeds crowding insolently close about the time-sunken steps; cattle stepping contemptuously over the tumble-down, worn fences; a few seedy heads of "colards" and a perfect forest of mustard in yellow blossom; a dejected calf or two, penned forlornly into an angle of a crazy fence—were scarcely the outward and visible signs of inward and superabundant wealth; but in such wealth, as thousands of salable beeves, with the accompanying revenue from tallow and hides and horns, did the lords of these rickety manors abound.

Within stone's throw of one of these dreary Western domiciles, close to the edge of the gloomy forest shadows, his arms drawn behind him and bound by knotted ends to the unyielding stem of a slender sapling, Maurice Raymond watched the sun sinking slowly, but inexorably, behind the lofty crests of the pine-trees—watched it with a calmness born of unutterable despair, and when the last rays had faded from the last glittering pine-needle, the shadow of fast-coming death seemed to settle coldly upon his tried, weary soul, as surely as the shadows of the fast-coming night were settling upon the darkening world.

"They will come soon now," he sighed, "and that will be the end of it! The end of earth! the end of life! the end of hope, of joy, and of suffering! shot for a horsethief! Bah! the ignominy of it! Thrown into a felon's grave, perhaps, or left, more likely, for the carrion crow to fatten on as my bleaching bones point a moral without adorning a tale."

A harsh, mirthless laugh of ghastly irony parted his bloodless lips, finding its echo in the shrill, startled scream of a screech-owl, that, rejoicing in the deepening shadows and fast-gathering blackness of night, sped upwards from its day-

trance and fanned his hot forehead with its flapping wings.

"Oh, mother! mother!" cried the unhappy man, "could you have foreseen this hour how gladly you would have twined your tender hands about my baby-throat and strangled me at my birth! Oh, the woe and the shame and the suffering you would have saved me! Dead in my cradle I would never have known her—Catherine! the life of my heart, the death of my soul!"

Above his bowed head, pinned to the sapling by a long sharp thorn, was this roughly-lettered scrawl:

"Any and all good cityzins passing this way, is hereby warned agin liberatin' this pris'ne. We, the undersined, havin' left him bound, wiles we goes in search of his pardner. He is a hostthief took in possession of Robert Anderson's blaze-face bay mar', to wick we hereunder do set our sines and seals in certyficashun. Dick Thurman, Henry Bellman, Robert Anderson, and a lot of other law-abidin' fellers."

And this doomed Maurice Raymond awaited the return of his tormentors. They had granted him ample time for reflection, since they had bound him and galloped off in search of his comrade. Not a human being had passed within range of his vision or within sound of his voice the whole dismal day.

He had watched them rapidly disappearing from view down the narrow wagon-road, the dust rising in clouds behind their wiry little ponies before settling in a golden fog beneath the noon-day beams of the sun, which only from its zenith point of vantage could penetrate the close, set ranks of the trees. Then all the heart that was left him concentrated itself upon one desire. He wished he had the means of self-destruction in his hands.

But they had bound him too securely for the gratification of even that forlorn wish. Retrospection was all that was left him of life. His present was a blank—future, he had none.

Retrospection halted at one dark picture in the not far distant past; beyond that, into a brighter past, his mental vision seldom ever strayed nowadays; that one picture, hideously distinct, black of coloring, painted in never-fading characters, filled all that past:

"It was the morning of Spencer Whitehurst's death. He, Gregory Kendall, had left his own home blithely bent upon prosecuting his business projects to a certain point that day. Spencer Whitehurst was the landlord of a certain corner store that he had long coveted possession of. A sight of the desirable property made him resolve that as soon as things were well under way at the "shop" that morning, he would take time to personally interview Dr. Whitehurst touching this matter. Things would have permitted his absence early that morning, but a heavy shower kept him back till near noon. Then he went. Turning the corner that first brought him in view of the chemist's office, he saw a sight that was stamped on his brain for ever after. Her back towards him, nervously fitting a latch-key into the office-door, stood Catherine Kendall, his own wife! True, he did not see her face, but there was no mistaking that regal form, clad in a dark-gray cashmere of his own choosing, with the crape scarf to match that he knew so well. Only a fleeting glimpse of the well-known figure, then she flitted noiselessly through the door, that closed behind her as noiselessly, leaving Gregory Kendall petrified for a second with amazement, blind rage and frenzied humiliation.

He had known that Spencer Whitehurst in the long time ago had loved and wooed his wife; knew that she had rejected him; knew that, on the score of a distant cousinship, friendly intercourse had always been maintained between them. Had she told him that morning that it was probable she would go to Mrs. Whitehurst's during the day, nothing would have seemed to him less objectionable or more natural. But she had made no such mention, yet here, familiarly admitting herself, not by the door that led to the mother's up-stairs apartments, but by the office-door of an avowed lady-killer and libertine he found his wife!

There was but one thing to do! That one thing he could not do unarmed! Returning the way he had come, he re-entered his own place of business quietly, just as usual to all appearances, save a murderous glitter in his eye and a ghastly pallor over all his face. Possessing himself of a trusty weapon, he buttoned it into his breast-pocket and at once returned to the chemist's. Luck favored him. As he raised his hand to ring the bell, he noticed that the door was already ajar. He, too, admitted himself as far as the hall of the chemist's office; through the half-glass door that impeded his progress on the right, he saw for the first time that hideous picture that was to haunt him into his grave. Standing close to the door, her back to him just as she had entered the room, stood the gray-clad form of his wife! In her right hand, now hanging listlessly by her side, was grasped a tiny pistol. Opposite her, his head fallen forward on his desk, his shapely hands clasped in the death-agony above his head, sat Spencer Whitehurst, while a dark pool of his life's-blood slowly widened and spread on the carpet beneath his desk—as still as the murdered man, stood the gray-clad form of the woman just within the den. Not the heaving of a sigh, not the flutter of a ribbon bespoke her more capable of motion than the man yonder at the desk—so white, so still, so ghastly! One second of horrified contemplation, then Gregory Kendall stole breathlessly away. Her preservation was all his thought. The woman who bore his name, the mother of his child, must be shielded from public shame.

Back to his place of business, with all the furies of hell gnawing at his vitals, he had forced himself to go and to attend to his every-day avocations as usual. Not a second before his usual hour of leaving the store did he permit himself to depart. Once at home, he could better think over this horror and devise a plan of action. One resolu-

tion had already shaped itself in his half-crazed brain. She should never know that he had been an eye-witness of her crime. Receive her as his wife again? Never! He would shield her from the consequences of her deed, then leave her for ever.

Betty had let him in! She was devotion itself; he could trust himself to ask her a few questions.

"Has your mistress been out to-day?"

"Yes, sir," says Betty, readily.

"Is she at home now?"

"Yes, sir; and glad I am you're at home yourself. Something's wrong, sir. Miss Kate, she's been locked into her room for the past two hours—nor is it me, nor the baby, she'll let go into her."

"Tell your mistress I am at home and am ready for my dinner," he remembered, ordering in his calmest manner.

While pacing up and down the little room, waiting, his miserable imagination had conjured up everything in the past that could possibly have any bearing on the horrible tragedy of this morning.

Once he heard her say, "Talk of a woman's being defenseless when her honor is concerned! Should my honor ever call for it, I could find the nerve for trigger or stiletto!" And she had found the nerve!

How could he wait for her there, and calmly go through the choking farce of dining under the espionage of servants, with his whole brain afire? He could not face her yet awhile; he must have time to reflect; he was not sufficiently master of himself. Rushing to his own room, he locked himself in, stubbornly refusing to admit her, when a very little while after she plead to him so piteously. Then she had gone away, and coming back presently, had slipped a piece of paper under his door, telling him of her summons to her father's death-bed—and he had sent her away with his curse upon her! That was the last glimpse of his wife the miserable man had had.

Clinging madly to the hope that something would occur to prove him mistaken—that hope had died when, in the pocket of the gray cashmere, left carelessly hung upon its usual peg, he had found a tiny pistol, the fellow to the glove discovered by Detective Wilson, and the torn scraps of a letter written by Spencer Whitehurst!

To recklessly bring suspicion on his own head, and then to go into exile, had been the only course open to the wretched husband.

But never since that dread morning had memory found other food for contemplation. Bound there in that shadowy forest awaiting his own execution, he went over every detail of that morning! He thought of that dead man—so much more to be envied in the peaceful quiet of his grass-grown grave than himself, a wifeless, childless exile! a suspected outlaw about to die the death of a dog! He thought of that ill-advised step of his; leaving the ship in company with a man he had never seen before, whose oily tongue had made it appear that they two together could speedily and easily work their way to the mining eldorados and blot out all that was dark and hideous in the past by a triumphant re-entrance to the world as millionaires.

When life's best aspirations prove but disappointing will-o'-the-wisps; when love's sweetest joys turn to bitterness and nothingness; when hope, whose eternal spring is but another name for youth's bright elasticity, has slipped from our grasp; and still the burden of life must be borne—we sweep and garnish the desolate mansion of our souls, and avarice enters into a life tenancy of chambers that erst held guests of noble mien. The last, the most enduring of all human passions, is avarice.

Affection betrayed, trust dead, hope a mockery! Gregory Kendall found the greed of gain slowly but subtly diffusing itself through his veins, like a new life-current.

So he cast behind him all Hugh Gorham's good advice, lighted his pipe with the letters of introduction to that "slow old foggy," the South American coffee-merchant, and had cast in his fortunes with the silver-tongued stranger, and started in pursuit of wealth.

What he was to do with all the money he was to accumulate so easily out yonder he never paused to consider; it was simply the pursuit of it that was to give him something better to do than to ruminate over a blood-curdling past.

Months of privation were followed by sickness; they had even put him ashore once from a Mississippi boat, at a woodman's hut, to die. But, strange to say, he had not died, but had lived to resume his weary march westward, where he had rejoined his silver-tongued comrade, resumed his weary foot-journey until that morning his troubles had culminated in his arrest and accusation of horse-stealing, with the confident assurance that he should meet with merited punishment before another sun rose.

In vain he protested that the sorry-looking beast upon which he had been captured had been sold to him that morning by a man who had stopped at the same tavern with him the night before, he and his partner having traded their watches for horses to expedite their arrival at the mining districts. His assertions had been received with scoffing incredulity and himself left bound.

Raising his bowed head from his unhappy bosom every little while, he strained his eyes along the hot, dusty road that wound like a soiled and faded ribbon through the gloomy woods. So weary was he of the grievous burden of his own sad thoughts, that he almost hoped he should see his tormentors returning.

A dust! Thank God they were coming, whistling and singing blithely! Rejoicing in the lusty vigor of life and freedom, gifts of which they were about so ruthlessly to rob a fellow-creature without show of justice or reason. They were coming! He closed his eyes! He had nothing more to say.

to them. He would not beg for his life. Let them end it as quickly as they chose. He could better bear the whistling of their bullets speeding straightway to his heart than to look again upon their mocking faces or listen to their brutal jests.

The clatter of horses' feet ceased close beside him, and he heard the animals heave their deep-chested sighs of satisfaction at the stoppage.

Then, a low, angry growl sounding close at his feet, he started and opened his eyes, just as a girlish voice cried, shrilly, "Down, Bose! down, sir!" and a girlish hand brought a long leathern lash curling sharply about the huge head and flashing eyes of a murderous-looking mastiff.

(To be continued.)

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

ON Thursday, the day following the inauguration, President Cleveland sent to the Senate the names of his Cabinet Ministers as follows:

For Secretary of State—THOMAS F. BAYARD, of Delaware.

For Secretary of the Treasury—DANIEL MANNING, of New York.

For Secretary of the Interior—LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, of Mississippi.

For Secretary of War—WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, of Massachusetts.

For Secretary of the Navy—WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, of New York.

For Postmaster-general—WILLIAM F. VILAS, of Wisconsin.

For Attorney-general—AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND, of Arkansas.

The records of these gentlemen are already pretty thoroughly impressed upon the mind of the country at large, and the public services of Mr. Bayard, Mr. Lamar and Mr. Garland, in particular, are so well known as to require no special recapitulation here.

Thomas Francis Bayard was born in Wilmington, Del., and is in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His mother was a Miss Willing, of an old Philadelphia mercantile family, and his grand-uncles, who were prominent in the Revolutionary War, were of old Calvinistic Presbyterian stock. Mr. Bayard was educated for the law, like his father before him, and he was admitted to the Bar in 1851. President Pierce made him United States District-attorney. Always a Democrat, his public life began after the Civil War. He was elected to the United States Senate on March 4th, 1869, succeeding his father. Since that time Mr. Bayard has retained his seat in the Senate, and he has come to be one of the great and popular leaders of his party. While he is not, perhaps, a natural orator, his speeches have shown a general breadth and sense of official responsibility, indicating that he has a high and fixed standard of political duty—and with him, the private standard is as high as the public one.

Daniel Manning is a native of Albany, N. Y., and is about fifty-five years old. Journalism has been the ladder of his career. As a boy he entered the office of the Albany Atlas, now the Argus. He rose rapidly, and in the course of time succeeded Mr. William Cassidy as editor of the Argus, and also as president of the Argus Company. He then rose into prominence as a political manager. Mr. Tilden recognized his abilities, and in 1876 he was made a member of the Democratic State Committee. Their intimate relations have continued to the present time. It was to Mr. Manning that Mr. Tilden addressed his famous letter in which he declined to be a candidate in 1880. In 1882 Mr. Manning was chosen Chairman of the State Committee, and his energetic work for Mr. Cleveland at the conventions is well remembered. He has some experience as a financier, having been president of a bank in which his means were embarked. He is the trusted friend and adviser of President Cleveland, and, like him, a novice in Washington affairs.

Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, the honored statesman, scholar and orator of the South, was born in Putnam County, Ga., September 17th, 1825. Having completed preparatory studies at Oxford, he entered Emory College as a student and graduated in 1845. He then studied law two years, and was admitted to the Bar. He was a professor of mathematics in Oxford University, Georgia, and in 1850 began to practice law in Covington. Going into politics, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1853 and to Congress in 1857. He resigned his seat when Mississippi left the Union, and took a place in the Secession Convention of that State. Mr. Lamar served in the Confederate Army until 1863, when he was sent to Russia by the Confederate Government charged with an important diplomatic mission. Upon the close of the War of the Rebellion he accepted the professorship of political economy and social science at the State University of Mississippi, but was transferred to the professorship of law at the same institution. While holding the latter position he was chosen a Representative to Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, and then elected to the Senate to succeed Senator Alcorn, who retired March 3d, 1877. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1882 for the six years' term ending March 3d, 1889.

William Crowninshield Endicott was born in Salem, Mass., about fifty-eight years ago, and is a direct descendant of John Endicott, who was the first Governor of Massachusetts under the charter from the Crown. He is a Harvard graduate of the Class of 1847. Mr. Endicott made his first public appearance at the age of twenty-five as a member of the Salem Common Council, was afterward elected City Solicitor, and in 1873 was appointed to the Bench of the Supreme Court of his State by Governor Washburn, a Republican, where he remained for ten years, until the state of his health obliged him to resign. In politics Mr. Endicott was originally a Whig, and did not join the Democrats until the dissolution of the Whig Party. He was the candidate of the Democrats last November for Governor of Massachusetts.

William Collins Whitney, "of New York," is a native of Conway, Mass., where he was born in 1839. His father, General James S. Whitney, a prominent Massachusetts Democrat, was Collector of the Port of Boston under President Buchanan. Mr. Whitney was graduated from Williston Seminary, at Easthampton, Mass., and from the Harvard Law School. Coming to New York city, he entered the office of Judge Abraham R. Lawrence. He acquired a large practice soon after his admission to the Bar. For several years he was counsel for some of our largest life insurance companies and other corporations. His political activity began during the campaign against the Tweed ring in 1870 and 1871, when the attention of Mr. Tilden was attracted to his abilities. Mr. Whitney was one of the principal organizers of the County Democracy. As the official adviser of the Mayor, he became a barrier between the public treasury

and the establishment of claims aggregating millions of dollars, growing out of the ring frauds. He was twice reappointed to the position of Counsel to the Corporation, which he resigned in November, 1882, while his term had nearly two years to run. Since his resignation as Corporation Counsel, Mr. Whitney has attended to private law practice and his personal affairs.

Augustus H. Garland, who will be an important member of the new Cabinet, is one of the ablest men in the Democratic Party. He was born in Tipton County, Tenn., in 1832. He was educated at Bardonia, Ky., once a famous seat of learning in the Southwest, and at the age of twenty-one he became a lawyer. In 1856 he removed to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. He was admitted to practice as an attorney in the Supreme Court of the United States, on December 26th, 1860. By that time he had attained professional reputation. Mr. Garland opposed the secession of Arkansas as long as there was any hope of a peaceable solution of sectional differences. When, however, war was inevitable, he cast his lot with his State. He was a member of the Provisional Congress which met at Montgomery, Ala., in May, 1861, and took part in drawing up the Constitution of the Confederate States. During the struggle between the Federal and Confederate Governments he gave his counsel to the Southern cause, first as a Representative and afterward as a Senator. He was serving as a Senator in its Congress when the Confederacy collapsed. In 1865 he came prominently before the public by pleading in an important case before the United States Supreme Court. It was the test oath case, in which Southern lawyers were deeply interested, and his argument was pronounced a masterpiece of reasoning. Mr. Garland was elected Governor of Arkansas in 1874. His first election as Senator took place in January, 1876, without opposition. He began his term as successor to Powell Clayton, Republican, on March 5th, 1877. In 1883 he was re-elected, and his term of service will not expire until March 3d, 1889.

William F. Vilas, who came into prominence as Chairman of the National Democratic Convention of last year, is at once a New Englander and a Westerner. He was born in Vermont in 1840; removed to Wisconsin in 1852, and graduated at the State University in 1858. He then went to the Albany (N. Y.) Law School, and became a member of the New York Bar. Returning to Wisconsin, he gathered round him a few clients and built up in time a good practice. He fought in the war, and became a colonel of volunteers. When the fighting was over he resumed his forensic career. He persistently declined office, and in 1879 turned a deaf ear to his friends, who offered him the Governorship of Wisconsin. Mr. Vilas is a ready and accomplished speaker, and is likely to divide with Mr. Lamar the distinction of being the chief orator of the new Cabinet.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

From the Soudan the latest reports state that the garrison at Kassala is reduced to an effective force of 600 men, that the men are short of ammunition, and that the town being closely besieged, the Government at Cairo has abandoned all hopes of relieving it. In a recent sortie the garrison was repulsed by the rebels, with a loss to the former of twenty-eight officers and 632 men. In another and subsequent sortie, it was again badly worsted. The difficulty of relieving the town lies in the fact that it is so far inland, being 280 miles from Suakin and 293 miles from Massowah, on the Red Sea, that relief can only be afforded through the friendly tribes. Kassala, next to Khartoum, ranks as the most important of the Egyptian settlements in the Soudan. It covers a considerable area, and is surrounded by low mud walls. The only buildings in it of any pretensions are the barracks and the palace of the Mudir, all the other houses are built of mud or adobe. Its population amounts to some 10,000. It has been defended for about a year by the garrison which is now endangered. The capture of the town by the rebels now seems to be inevitable.

OLIVIER PAIN.

Olivier Pain is said to be with the Mahdi, acting as his chief counselor and adviser in foreign affairs, and to have participated in the capture of Khartoum. All this is denied, or at least doubted by his friend Henri Rochefort; but even should the denial be well founded, enough remains in the history of Pain's career to make it one of the most adventurous and romantic of modern times. An indifferent poet and a fair journalist, he became in 1869 Rochefort's friend and Napoleon's enemy. When the Commune succeeded the Empire, he tried diplomacy under Rochefort's direction, and afterwards fought desperately at the barricades. Banished to New Caledonia, he made his escape—again in Rochefort's company. He returned to Europe by way of New York, went to Turkey as a war correspondent, was captured by the Russians, and would have been shot, but for diplomatic interference secured with great difficulty by Rochefort. Pain returned to Paris, worked with his friend upon the *Intransigent*, contributed to the *Revue Lyonnais*, fought a duel, and finally, after the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army in the Soudan, started for the camp of the Mahdi as correspondent of the *Figaro*. He wrote two or three letters from Egypt, then got beyond reach of communication with France, and has not been directly heard from since. Physically, Pain is slender, but tough and wiry, of medium height, bilious complexion, with a short, stubby beard and a vague look, that now and then breaks into lightning flashes. He married in Geneva—a genuine love-marriage, at that—and he has four pretty children whom he adores. His family is living in Tonnerre, France. His wife expects to welcome him home after the Mahdi whips the English out of the Soudan.

THE FUNERAL OF JULES VALLES.

Jules Vallès, the well-known French Communist author and journalist, and editor of the *Cri du Peuple*, died in Paris, on the 14th of February, at the age of fifty-two years. He leaves a remarkable series of books—brilliant, but full of bitterness and extravagance. At different periods of his career he was a contributor to the *Revue Européenne*, *L'Époque*, *Figaro* and *L'Événement*. He also founded a weekly journal called *La Rue*, which lived but eight months, and he essayed dramatic authorship without success. He came into prominence during the Commune, and after the last barricade fell he succeeded in obtaining a passport and making his escape to England. After the amnesty he returned to Paris and started the

Cri du Peuple, which in these latter days has gained a certain following. The funeral of Vallès took place on February 16th. An assemblage of ten thousand people, including nearly all prominent Parisians of Communist or Socialistic tendencies, attended the obsequies. In the street before the house, trouble arose between two factions on account of a wreath laid upon the bier by the German Socialists, and a somewhat violent altercation ensued. The bier was greeted with shouts of "Vive la Commune!" "Vive la révolution sociale!" "Vive l'anarchie!" A large crowd followed the procession to the Père-la-chaise Cemetery, where the remains were deposited in the tomb, and funeral orations were pronounced by Henri Rochefort and others.

A RUSSIAN CHURCH DESTROYED BY DYNAMITE.

We present on page 52 an illustration of the orthodox Church of the Holy Ghost at Jakobstadt, near Riga, which was destroyed by dynamite in January last. The church was built and consecrated only one year ago. It is supposed to have been destroyed by the German Lutherans, who are bitterly opposed to the orthodox Russians. The event has deepened the animosity between the two, and at last accounts the feeling seemed likely to manifest itself in further scenes of violence. The situation in that part of Russia is peculiar. The three Baltic provinces, Estland, Livland, and Curland, constitute a State by themselves, maintaining to this day many important privileges. The German inhabitants of these provinces elect their own local officers, have their own laws and courts, and German is their official language. Nevertheless, the Germans there are in a minority, the majority being Esthonians and Livonians of Finnish origin. The German barons own the land in the Baltic provinces. Dissatisfied with their German masters, the natives began to forsake the Lutheran belief and join the Russian orthodox church, in the hope that thus, at least partially, they might get rid of German rule. Russian clergymen and schoolmasters appeared in the Baltic provinces, and Russian schools and orthodox churches were built there. The German barons and pastors did not hesitate to retaliate. Two years ago the Czar found it necessary to revise the administration in these provinces, and a Russian Senator was charged with the mission. It was then that the Germans declared that their land was Russian Ireland, thus warning the Russian Government against encroachments on their old privileges. Since then the troubles have been on the increase. The wells held by the orthodox as sacred were contaminated with kerosene on the eve of Epiphany, when the orthodox clergy consecrate the water. Recently in the Venden district a large number of peasants were cruelly flogged by a German landowner and officer, and at last, as a culmination, the orthodox church at Jakobstadt was blown up with dynamite.

THE PORT OF MASSOWAH.

Massowah, recently occupied by an Italian expedition, is a seaport town of Egypt, on a small sterile island in the Red Sea. It has a good harbor, and an active import trade with the Arabian ports, Bombay and Suco is here carried on. Caravans start thence for Abyssinia, for which it is the chief port. It has a population of about 3,000. The occupation of the port by the Italian troops has caused great irritation in Turkey, which claims sovereignty over it, but the Turkish protests have not been sanctioned by the Powers, and will be wholly without effect. Another Italian expedition has occupied Assab, in Abyssinia, and still another, composed of four battalions of infantry and two companies of artillery and engineers, is said to have Trinkat as its objective.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

It is a remarkable fact that not a single Chinese beggar has ever been seen in the United States.

The first railway in Cochinchina was opened on December 21st, last. It runs from Saigon to Mytho, the journey taking about four hours.

LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA says that the whale fisheries of Alaska are alone worth \$1,000,000 a year, and that the grazing for cattle is unexcelled in any country.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to found a Christian University in the Northwest under the patronage of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Chicago, Milwaukee, Dubuque, and St. Paul.

It is claimed by *La Nature* that the highest railroad viaduct in the world is that of the Garabit Bridge, France. That remarkable structure is 1,800 feet long, and near the middle of the great central arch the distance from the bed of the river to the rail is 413 feet.

A SUBSTITUTE for cod-liver oil is advocated by Dr. Lyons, of Detroit, in eulachon oil, which comes from a small fish common on the Pacific Coast known as the Eulachon, or candle-fish. This latter name is derived from its very oily nature, for when dried the fish can be burned like a torch. The oil is said to differ from cod-liver oil in many respects, but chiefly in containing a substance not unlike paraffin, which will not saponify. It is pale straw-color, rather more viscous than cod oil, and less repulsive in odor and taste.

MR. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, in his lecture on "The Nomenclature of Cities and Towns in the United States," objects to the classical names of Troy, Utica and Syracuse as applied to modern cities no less than to the barbarous and utterly unmeaning names so often given to villages in the mining districts of the Far West. He advises Americans to cling to the euphonious and musical Indian names so far as possible, and although "town" at the end of the founder's name might do, "ville" is not to be tolerated, being French and utterly inharmonious.

THE Russian Government are preparing an expedition to Western Siberia, for the purpose of examining some sulphur deposits recently discovered there. The natives have for many years had knowledge of these deposits, but the Government have only recently been made cognizant thereof, through a report by Lieutenant Kalityn. According to the statement of M. Korschin, a mining engineer, one of the deposits contains upward of five million pood of sulphur, the number of the former being ten. Europe has hitherto been supplied with this article from Sicily, and it is hoped that the Russian deposits may compete with the mines in that island. In Russia sulphur has hitherto only been found at Tchirkota, not far from Petrofsk, in Daghestan, which has chiefly been delivered to the powder-mills. The expedition in question will leave St. Petersburg this month.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HENRY VILLARD is living quietly in Berlin.

FRANK JONES, of Portsmouth, is said to be the richest man in New Hampshire.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL and family are going to Europe, to be absent five years.

EMILE ZOLA's yearly income from his literary work is said to average nearly \$60,000.

LORD WOLSELEY has been advised to pass the Summer in Cyprus for the benefit of his eyes.

MME. RUTKAY writes from Turin that her brother, Louis Kossuth, is in excellent health and spirits.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN, of Washington, has given \$1,000 to aid in erecting a monument over the grave of Stonewall Jackson at Lexington.

THE proposed visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland is provoking a good deal of bad feeling. In Dublin the municipal council has divided on the question of presenting an address of welcome to the Prince.

MRS. ROBERT G. WALKER, the only sister of ex-Secretary Blaine, died in Baltimore on the 3d instant. The parting between the brother and sister, just before the death of the latter, is said to have been very affecting.

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR was last week elected an honorary member of the New York Chamber of Commerce by a unanimous vote of the members. The compliment was designed to voice the approval of his administration of the business interests of the metropolis.

CARDINAL LEDOCHOWSKI, of Posen, who became famous for his refusal to obey the German May laws, and was prohibited by Prince Bismarck from performing the duties of his religious office, has received from the Pope the appointment of Secretary of the papal briefs.

THE new Governor of Wyoming, Hon. Francis E. Warner, is the first Governor ever chosen from among the people of the Territory. No political event ever occurred in Wyoming which created so much enthusiastic interest and satisfaction among the people as has this appointment.

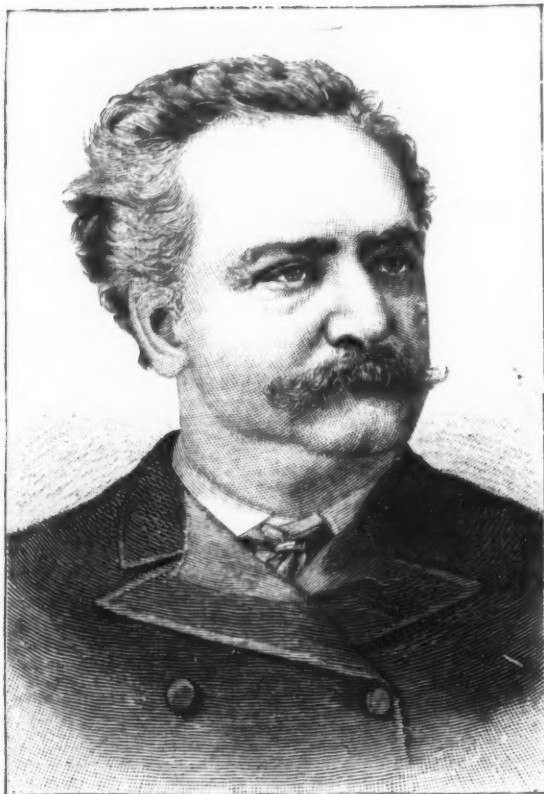
SPEAKER CARLISLE is said to be making a collection of the most curious communications he receives; such, for instance, as a letter from a Minnesota Bourbon, who wanted an appropriation by Congress to provide him with a good sleigh. He told what kind of wood it was to be made of, how many bells it should have, and how thick the steel of the runners should be; and in a post-scriptum intimated that the salvation of the country depended on the appropriation being made promptly.

THE baggage of President Arthur sent from the White House on the 3d instant, included a coop of prairie chickens, the gift of Jesse Spalding, Collector of the Port of Chicago, to the President. Mr. Spalding trapped them down in the Indian Territory, about the only region in the United States where it is now possible to trap them. Years ago many were caught in Kansas and Nebraska, but as settlements thicken the birds become educated to know every sort of a trap. Mr. Arthur's coop of chickens was sent to Mr. Frelinghuysen's farm at Raritan, where Mr. Arthur will see them from time to time in the future, if they live.

THE diaries kept by General Gordon during the siege of Khartoum have been sent by General Wolseley to London. They comprise six manuscript volumes and contain a daily record of life in the beleaguered city from the time of General Gordon's arrival to the time when he sent his steamers down the river to meet General Stewart's troops at Gubat. They were carried across the desert by special couriers from Gubat to Gakdul, and thence to Korti, where they were received and read by General Wolseley. Donations to the Gordon Memorial Fund to the amount of \$1,600 have been received from China, including \$1,000 from Li Hung Chang. The two sisters of General Gordon have declined the offer of a Government annuity.

SENATOR PUGH and Senator Logan were in Congress together before the War, and thereby, according to the *Tribune*, hangs a tale. When the Union Army went through Alabama a detachment of Wilson's cavalry visited Eufala. Mr. Pugh's home, and that gentleman, having been in the rebel army and the rebel Congress, expected to be roughly treated. He walked out to the front yard, and when the detachment drew up to his gate he said to them: "There's the house; go in and take possession." The officer in command inquired: "Is your name James L. Pugh?" "That is my name, sir," responded the Senator, supposing that the Unionists merely wanted to identify him. "Here are my orders respecting you, sir," said the officer, extending a paper. Mr. Pugh unfolded the paper, expecting to read an order for his immediate arrest. Instead of that he read about as follows: "To —, officer commanding, etc.: You are hereby ordered to proceed to the residence of the Hon. James L. Pugh, at Eufala, and to station a guard around the premises. See that neither Mr. Pugh nor anything belonging to him is molested. JOHN A. LOGAN, Major-general Commanding."

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York *Telegram*, writing of the changes in social leadership likely to take place at the Capitol, says: "There are plenty of people to-day here who would find it comparatively easy to part with the entire Administration, if only Miss 'Tillie' Frelinghuysen could, by some streak of good fortune, always have her court of admirers about her. Miss 'Tillie' has walked straight into people's affections with her attractive manner and bright sayings, and it is not possible she can be duplicated. Her lameness this Winter, which prevented her from going out, has given her plenty of opportunities to read all the gossip floating around in the newspapers about herself and her sisters, and her comments thereon are rich. There never were three more loyal sisters, and you make a friend of either when you compliment the absent one. 'Sallie,' as they affectionately call Mrs. John Davis, is their special pride and pet, being the youngest. Mr. Kasson, the present Minister to Austria, has been long suspected of a more than tender feeling for Miss Tillie, and perhaps the marriage will be yet a great social event. At a late gathering of friends around her, at a tea-drinking the other day, Miss 'Tillie' announced that Mr. Kasson was coming home very soon after the 4th, and one on the group listening slyly hinted he had an attraction here. The naïve way she replied, that the 4th of March this year had a great deal to do with people's traveling, raised a general laugh, and the whole scene was greatly enjoyed."



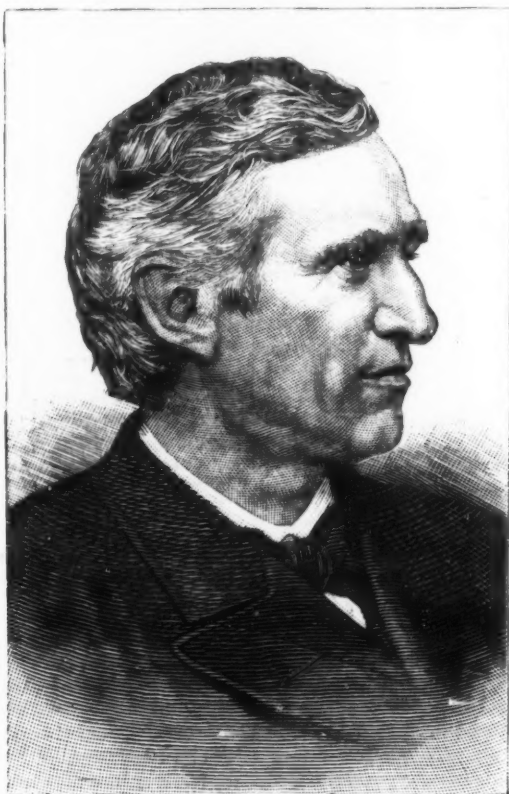
DANIEL MANNING, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.



WILLIAM C. ENDICOTT, SECRETARY OF WAR.



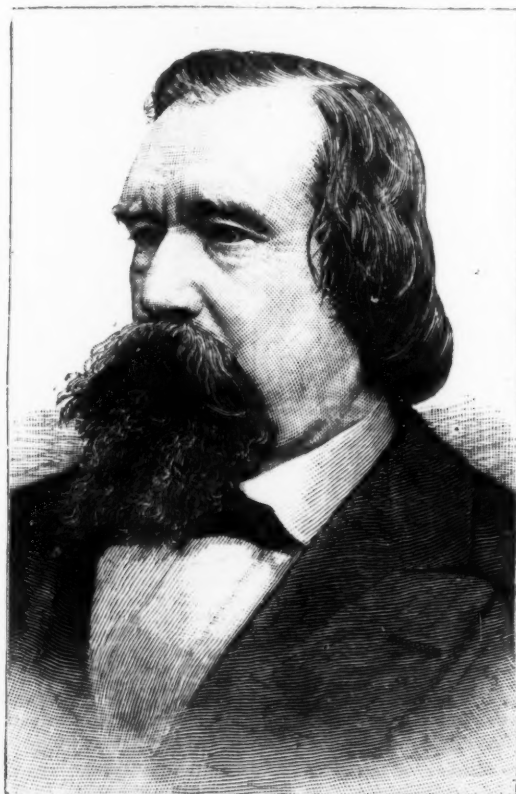
WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.



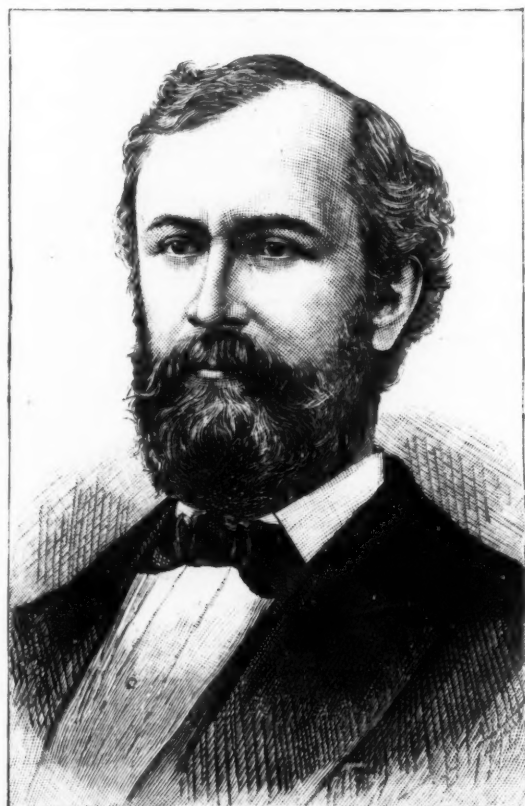
THOMAS F. BAYARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.



AUGUSTUS H. GARLAND, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.



LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.



WILLIAM F. VILAS, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE DEATH OF CARLOS AGUERO.

A DISPATCH from Key West, dated March the 5th, confirms the earlier report of the death of the youthful Cuban patriot, General Carlos Aguero. He was killed at half-past eight on the night of the 2d instant, at Prondas Pastures, between Calimete and Jaguey Grande, at the entrance to Guayabo Largo. The Spanish forces were under command of Lieutenant Rodriguez Lono and Sergeant Gomez Zamora, with several other officers and eleven civic guards. The encounter seems to have been desperate, Aguero being literally hacked to pieces with machetes by Sergeant Gomez and Private Prendez. José Morejon was likewise killed. Casimiro Sato-longo, although wounded, escaped. The news of Aguero's death occasioned some self-congratulation amongst the Havanese, but was a sad blow to the Cuban element, there and in New York. Early last year the Spanish authorities made unsuccessful efforts to have Aguero extradited from Key West, Fla. In April he organized a small band of followers and quietly made his way to Cuba. Since then he and a small band have led a filibustering warfare in different parts of the island.

Carlos Aguero was born in Camaguey in 1856, and is said to be as well connected as he is brave. He took part in the Yara Revolution when he was but fourteen years of age. He afterwards joined in the insurrection led by General Calixto Garcia. Being taken prisoner, he was held in captivity at Havana. He subsequently came to New York, in 1882, in order to obtain funds for another revolt. In this object he failed, but nevertheless returned to Cuba and raised the standard of revolt at Cienfuegos with but a handful of men around him. This was in November, 1882, when he began a series of exploits which are memorable. One of these was his attack on Caimito, a town in the district of Guines. He embarked in a boat at Cienaga de Lapatra, and landed at Caimito with but eight men. The town was occupied by Spanish troops, and the daring young officer and his little band were compelled to retreat. They were pursued by 5,000 soldiers, but safely re-embarked and returned to Cienaga. Aguero continued to maintain positions in Colon and Cienfuegos, the richest districts in Cuba, eighteen months, when he left the island and landed at Key West. He immediately proceeded to New York to confer with the Cuban Revolutionary Committee and prepare a new expedition. When the Spaniards became aware of his intentions they asked his extradition from the United States Government, which was refused.

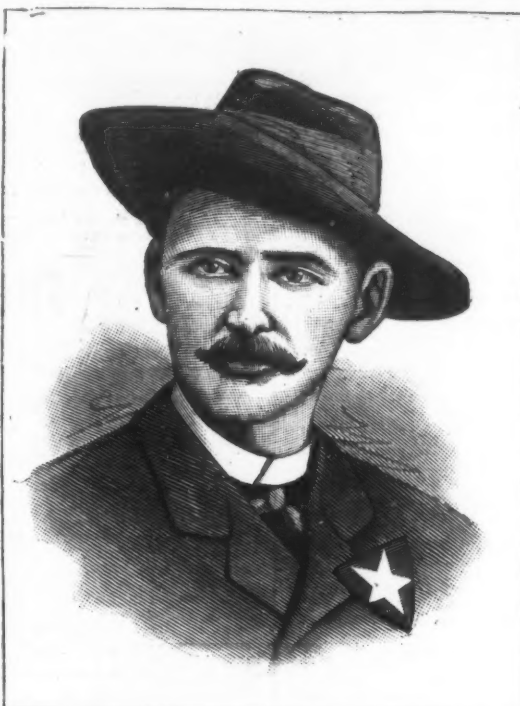
A REMARKABLE LIBRARIAN.

The law library forming a part of the Congressional Library at Washington contains 63,000 volumes. The Assistant Law Librarian, John Francis Nicholas Wilkinson, a colored gentleman, "carries this whole library in his head." For twenty-eight years he has been the familiar purveyor of the law books, and in every leading office of the larger cities he could find a lawyer whom he knows. No abbreviations of the law reporters stagger him. He refers to no dictionary to dis-

cover the meaning of the initials or condensed names used, but promptly goes to the proper alcove, and unerringly brings forth the desired report, whether it be one of a musty British series or some earlier State collection of opinions, whose editor sought to emblazon his own name upon it rather than employ the modern convenience of consecutive numbers. It is this perfect familiarity with the library which impresses Mr. Wilkinson upon the visitor. The pages of the Supreme Court Justices are momentarily coming down with requisitions for authorities that may range from the ancient Brehon Laws, French causes célèbres, or reports of the Court de Cassation, to the whole domain of American decisions. With the precision of a Swiss bell-ringer, Mr. Wilkinson draws out the required works from the shelves. But what is more remarkable as a feat of memorizing is the accuracy of his recollection of cases. He has no need of recourse to digests to locate the leading cases in our jurisprudence. The library has grown during Mr. Wilkinson's incumbency from 15,000 to 63,000 volumes, but he has kept pace with it.

CHINESE GORDON'S "KINGS."

FROM 1865 to 1871 Gordon lived at Gravesend, improving the defenses of the Thames. He lived wholly for others. His house was school and hospital and almshouse in turn; was more like the abode of a missionary than of a commanding officer of engineers. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome, and never did supplicant knock vainly at his door. He always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his house. For their benefit he established reading-classes, over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardor as if he were leading them



CARLOS AGUERO, LEADER OF THE CUBAN INSURRECTION, RECENTLY KILLED.

to victory. He called them his "kings," and for many of them he got berths on board ships. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantelpiece; he was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages, and that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went, night and day. The light in which he was held by these lads was shown by inscriptions in chalk on the fences. A favorite legend was "God bless the Kernal." So full did his classes at length become that the house would no longer hold them, and they had to be given up. Then it was that he attended and taught at the ragged

City of Ferentino. Presently an ill-bred dog of the pointer kind came and sat down in front of me, looking up in my face, and wagging his tail to attract my attention. "What does that dog want?" I asked of a bystander. "Signore," he answered, "he wants you to give him a soldo to go and buy you a cigar with." I gave the dog the coin, and he presently returned, bringing a cigar, which he held crossways in his mouth until I took it from him. Sent again and again, he brought me three or four more cigars from the tobacco-shop. At length the dog's demeanor changed, and he gave vent to his impatience by two or three low whines. "What does he want now?" I asked. "He wants you to give him two soldi to go to the baker's and buy bread for himself." I gave him a two-soldo piece, and in a few minutes the dog returned with a small loaf of bread, which he laid at my feet, at the same time gazing wistfully in my face. "He won't take it until you give him leave," said another bystander. I gave the requisite permission, and the dear animal seized the loaf and disappeared with it in his mouth, and did not again make his appearance before I left the city. "He always does like this," said the standers-by, "when ever he sees a stranger in Ferentino."

HOW THEY GET INTO THE PAPERS.

A WRITER in the New York Tribune says: "How does my name get into the papers?" some public man often asks me. For about fifteen years one man in New York has made a business of visiting all the hotels nightly to look over the registers and pick out the names of prominent visitors for publication. His name is Joseph D. Lennon. He is a short, round-faced, jolly young man whose eye-glasses and black mustache are known to all the hotel men, with whom he is a favorite by reason of his good nature and long acquaintance. He began this work when the Metropolitan Hotel was "way up - town." Originally he gathered the



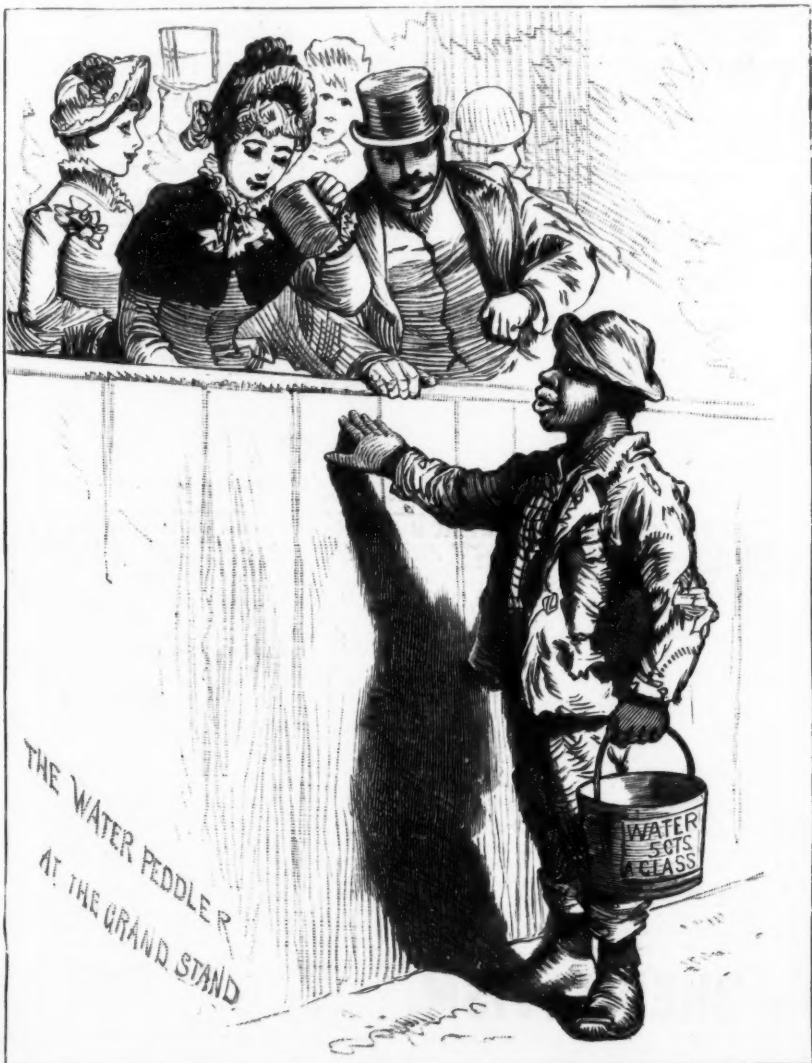
A GUIDE ESCORTING STRANGERS TO LODGINGS

schools, and it was a pleasant thing to watch the attention with which his wild scholars listened to his words.

STORY OF AN ITALIAN DOG.

A WRITER in the Spectator tells this story: A few years since I was sitting inside the door of a shop to escape from the rain while waiting for a trap to take me to the railway-station in the old Etruscan

names for the Tribune only. Now he supplies all the papers. His nightly round begins about nine o'clock at the Hotel Buckingham, Fifty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, and it is nearly midnight when he reaches Printing House Square, so numerous are the hotels he must visit, and so widely distributed over the city. In the fifteen years that he has been doing this work he has become familiar with the names of nearly every Congressman, Governor, Senator or public man of any kind



in the country. He is, in fact, a walking directory of public men. Sometimes an effort is made to evade public mention of the arrival here of noted personages, but Mr. Lennon has ready means for discovering any such attempt, and it rarely succeeds."

ASBESTOS.

(From the New York Weekly Tribune.)

There seems to be no end to the uses to which the wonderful incombustible mineral, asbestos, can be applied, although but a few years ago it was unknown outside of the chemical laboratory.

The incombustibility of asbestos is its principal characteristic, and manufacturers and inventors are turning their attention to its uses in the production of fabrics to be used solely for their fire-proof qualities. It is capable of receiving and retaining the most brilliant colors, is a non-conductor of heat and electricity, and possesses many other valuable and practical qualities.

Among the most important are rope and wick packing, for packing pistons, stuffing-boxes, valve-stems, etc., flat packing or millboard for cylinder heads, flange joints, and similar purposes, sheathing and building felts, all of strictly pure asbestos. The asbestos and india-rubber sheathing, tape and gaskets for hot water and steam joints are comparatively new articles of manufacture, also asbestos cloth of various widths, thicknesses and weights, and asbestos thread, yarn, twine, etc.

More recently Mr. Johns has succeeded in producing a plastic stove lining of asbestos, and some other fire-proof materials, which bids fair to become a prime necessity of the stove trade. This stove lining or cement is easily applied with a trowel and forms, it is said, an exceedingly durable and economical lining for cooking and heating stoves, ranges and furnaces, and for the lining of fire doors of boilers, furnaces, etc. It is also pronounced of great value and convenience for repairing stoves and flue joints, broken fire-brick, iron linings, and other surfaces exposed to heat.

The Asbestos Roofing manufactured by the H.W. Johns Manufacturing Co. is well and favorably known, and its reputation fully established. As a light, portable, easily applied, practically fire-proof roofing, it has no superior. Of this article the company are manufacturing from two to three miles per day, and find a ready sale for it in all parts of the world.

This company are also the most extensive manufacturers of Paints for structural purposes. The liquid paints are composed exclusively of the best and purest materials, combined on different principles from any other Liquid or Mixed Paints, the purest Linseed Oil and the best pigments enter into their composition.

To assist consumers in selecting shades and colors for the satisfactory decoration of their buildings, the company issue and send free, upon application, sample sheets showing forty-eight standard colors and tints; they also issue a pamphlet, "Structural Decoration," giving hints and suggestions in painting and decorating, in which they bring the different colors together—body, trimmings and blinds—so that it is an easy matter for the consumer to decide what colors will best please him. This pamphlet also contains views of many of the prominent public buildings and other structures on which these paints have been used, and the colors employed—among them, the United States Capitol at Washington, the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad, and the "Dakota," at Seventy-second Street and Eighth Avenue. In addition, the company also manufacture Roof, Car and Bridge Paints in various colors.

Recently the company have begun the manufacture of Strictly Pure colors in oil, and are meeting with a ready demand for their goods.

The H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co. of New York have branches in Chicago, Philadelphia and London.

A NOTABLE HOUSE.

The first public dinner given to President Cleveland in New York after his election, took place at the Brevort House, a hotel which has held a first place for many years. On that occasion, the proprietor, Mr. Libbey, served the party with port 104 years old, and Madeira 54, which was run around the table in a silver chariot. The old registers of the Brevort would suggest much for reflection, for here many of the notables of this country and abroad have stopped, and it has always been known as one of the most comfortable and aristocratic hotels in New York. Henry Irving always makes it his home during his engagements here.

WOMAN'S WORK.

THE PEARL RUG MAKER is a new device for the manufacture of rag or tufted rugs on the sewing machine, and is a most valuable accession in every way. With this attachment a rug with a border of over two feet can be made in three or four hours, from all kinds of cloth, wool, carpet waste, or odds and ends of yarn. All kinds of patterns may be followed in colors, and at little expense a handsome rug can be made with oriental designs from Smyrna wool. The price of the Rug Maker is one dollar, and Mr. PEARL's address is 23 Union Square, New York.

A WONDERFUL LAMP.

THE LOCHSTER LAMP COMPANY offers at its sales-room, 688 Broadway, a remarkably cheap, handsome and powerful lamp—equal in illuminating power to sixty-five sperm candles. The lamp is finely plated in nickel, and has a patent chimney and wick movement.

A RATHER cynical lady, somewhat of a flirt, says most men, like colds, are very easily caught, but difficult to get rid of. Her mistake is apparent. DR. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP will cure any cold, however stubborn it may be. Price 25 cents.

HON. WM. D. KELLEY.

A REPORTER of one of our Philadelphia dailies spent a morning with Judge Kelley at his home in that city. The Judge gave the history of his illness and recovery, substantially as follows:

"I had, as a hereditary victim to catarrh, suffered for years. I was subject to violent paroxysms of coughing. Straining for relief had produced abrasion of the membranes and daily effusion of blood from my throat. For four years I passed a portion of each Congressional vacation in the Rocky Mountains or on the Pacific coast. But my breathing power continued to diminish, until in the early Summer of 1873 it was a little more than a panting for breath. About two years before this my attention had been called to Compound Oxygen. A friend who had great faith in its efficacy advised me to try it. On reading Dr. Starkey's advertisement I threw the little book aside, and declined to resort to the Treatment, on the ground that it proposed to cure everything, and was consequently without adaptation to any particular disease. I grew worse, and in the Summer my breathing was so short that a cough, a sneeze or a sigh produced such acute pain at the base of the left lung that I felt it necessary to close up my affairs, as I did not believe I could last for sixty days. Nor do I now believe I would have lasted for that time had I not found a potent curative agent.

"I had lost none of my prejudices against Compound Oxygen, but in my desperation, seeing that it could not make me any worse than I was, and as medical treatment had utterly failed to meet my case, I concluded to try it. After a thorough examination, Dr. Starkey, to whom I was then a stranger, said, 'sir, I have no medicine for either form of your disease (alluding to the catarrh and the bleeding at the throat), but if you will give me time, I can cure you.' My response was a natural one. You are frank in saying you have no medicine for either

form of my disease, and yet you propose to cure me. By what agency will you work this miracle?' 'The Oxygen Gas,' said he, 'is not a medicine. It has none of the characteristics of medicine compounded of drugs. These create a requirement for continual increase of quantity to be taken; and, if long persisted in, produce some form of disease. But Compound Oxygen produces no appetite for itself. It passes, by inhalation, into the blood, and purifies and invigorates it. The system is thus enabled to throw off effete matter. You will find by experience, if you try the Treatment, that it will not increase the rapidity of your pulse, though the beating will be stronger under its influence.'

"This explanation removed my objections, and I could see how such an agent could operate beneficially in cases of a widely different character. 'Dr. Starkey said that the cells of my left lung were congested with catarrhal mucus, and that he believed the gas would at once address itself to the removal of the deposits and the restoration of my full breathing power.

"I began using the Treatment, and at the end of three weeks was able to report an improved appetite, and the ability to sleep several consecutive hours, with a measurable relief of the pain in the lung.

"Notwithstanding the intense heat, I remained in Philadelphia during the Summer. Before Congress assembled in December, my lung had been relieved of much of its noxious deposit, and I was able to breathe without pain.

"I am now more than ten years older than I was when I first tested Compound Oxygen. I have had no perceptible effusion of blood for more than six years. I breathe as deeply as I did at any period of my young manhood, and my natural carriage is so erect as to elicit frequent comment.

"You ask if I still continue the Treatment. Whenever I feel a fresh cold, or suffer from the nervous exhaustion which follows excessive labor, I resort to Compound Oxygen. I have the highest confidence not only in the Treatment itself, but in Dr. Starkey & Palen as gentlemen of skill and integrity."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St. Philadelphia.

A FASHION writer prophesies that we shall see more jet than ever in millinery this year. The colored sister appears to be looking up.

PREMATURELY AGED.

MANY a woman is robbed of those charms which the gentler sex value so highly, and made old before her time by functional irregularities. To such the bloom of youth may be restored by the use of a remedy which has stood the test of time and which is to-day acknowledged to be without an equal as a cure for all female weaknesses—DR. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION." By all druggists.

NO WELL-REGULATED household should be without a bottle of ANGIOTON BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

HOARSENESS PROMPTLY RELIEVED.

The following letter to the proprietors of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" explains itself:

"CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 12th, 1884. 'Gentlemen—The writer, who is a tenor singer, desires to state that he was so hoarse on a recent occasion, when his services were necessary in a church choir, that he was apprehensive that he would be compelled to desert from singing, but by taking three of your 'Bronchial Troches' he was enabled to fully participate in the services. Would give my name, but don't want it published.'

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors on the wrapper. Price 25 cents.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"GENTLE AS THE BREEZE OF EVENING."

This line of an old hymn is quite appropriate when applied to "PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS." "I don't like to take pills if I can avoid it," we often hear persons say, "because they constipate me so." Now the "Pellets" never do this. They are so gentle and mild that their effect is almost precisely similar to a movement of the bowels, and no unpleasant effects are left behind.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, he will send free of charge, to all who desire it, the recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail in directions with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. LAWRENCE, 190 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPE'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPE & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

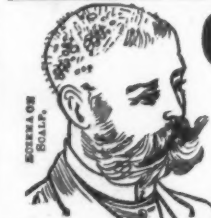
THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK.

Mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

We guarantee a painless, speedy and permanent cure of the largest and worst piles tumors, no knife, caustic or saline used. Send six cents (stamps) for pamphlet, references and reply. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 563 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

MAY be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS; they are the best.



Cuticura
A
POSITIVE CURE
for every form of
SKIN AND BLOOD
DISEASE
FROM
PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

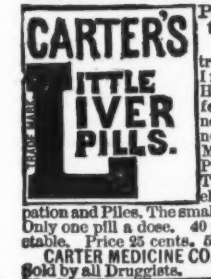
ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cts.; Soap, 25 cts.; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

SICK HEADACHE



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.
Sold by all Druggists.

12 Hidden Name Cards, 10c.; 6 packs, 50c.; 13 packs, \$1. Sample Book, 25c. POTTER & CO., Monrovia, Conn.



DUFFY'S
—PURE—
Malt Whiskey.

Absolutely Pure and Unadulterated. Entirely Free from FUSIL OIL.

FUSIL OIL—Do you know what it is? Ask your Physician or Druggist and he will tell you that IT IS A DEADLY POISON. Positive Sure Cure for Malaria, Pulmonary Complaints, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, Bronchial Troubles, General Debility, Loss of Mental Power and all Wasting Diseases. Endorsed by over 3,500 Physicians and Chemists. Invaluable as a STIMULANT AND TONIC in Typhoid Fever, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, and all low forms of Disease. THE RECOGNIZED

ANTIDOTE FOR CHOLERA.

We are the only concern in the United States who are bottling and selling to the Medical Profession and Drug Trade an absolutely Pure Malt Whiskey, one that is free from FUSIL OIL and that is not only found on the sideboards of the best families in the country, but also in the physician's dispensing room.

DR. ARENDT, the great German Chemist, says:—"I have made an analysis of DUFFY'S MALT WHISKEY, which gave a very gratifying result. Your Malt Whiskey, obtained mostly by extract of malt and containing a very careful fermentation and distillation, is entirely free from fusil oil and any of those similarly obnoxious alcohols which are so often found in whiskey. I therefore, RECOMMEND IT TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION."

Prof. VON VONDER, writes:—"Purity itself—Duffy's Malt Whiskey, is the purest liquor that I have ever analyzed. I must therefore unqualifiedly recommend it to the medical profession."
The late HARVEY L. BYRD, M.D., President of the Faculty, and Professor of the Baltimore Medical College, says: "I find it remarkably free from fusil oil and other objectionable materials so often found in the whiskeys of the present day."
JAMES J. O'DEA, M.D., of Staten Island, the author of several works on insanity, writes: "When I prescribe an alcoholic stimulant, I order your famous Malt Whiskey. I know it to be wholesome, clean and unadulterated."
FRED. H. SAWERS, M.D., of Rochester, N. Y., a graduate of the leading European colleges, says: "I prescribe your Malt Whiskey in my practice here, consider it a very superior reliable article and can heartily recommend it in low states of fever, acute inflammations, and depressing maladies generally, and also as a tonic in feeble digestion and convalescence from acute diseases, where an alcoholic stimulant is indicated, and especially in Phtisis Pulmonalis."

IN FACT, IT IS A BEVERAGE AND MEDICINE COMBINED.

TO CONSUMPTIVES, WE WILL, on receipt of SIX DOLLARS, send to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), all Express Charges prepaid a plain case (thus avoiding all opportunity for comment), containing SIX Quart bottles of our PURE MALT WHISKEY and with it in writing, and under the Seal of the Company a SURE and POSITIVE CURE for CONSUMPTION and other WASTING DISEASES in their early stages. This Formula has been prepared especially for us by the great German Scientist, Dr. Von Vonders. It can be prepared by any family housekeeper at slight expense (Raw Beefsteak and our PURE MALT WHISKEY being of the ingredients.)

After this preparation has been taken for a few weeks, the previously conspicuously prominent bones in patients suffering from Consumption and the like diseases, get covered with a thick coating of fat and muscle, the sunken and bloodless cheeks fill up and assume a rosy hue, the drooping spirits revive, while all the muscles of the body, and chief among them the heart, are stronger and better able to perform their functions, because of being nourished with a richer blood than they had been before. In other words, the system is supplied with more carbon than the disease can exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

—SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS AND FINE GROCERY HOUSES—

Price ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

Sample Quart Bottles sent to any address in the United States (East of the Rocky Mountains), securely packed in plain case, Express charges prepaid on receipt of \$1.25.

THE DUFFY MALT WHISKEY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes, The Vegetal Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within 4 days). Only harmless specifics procured by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. PARIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y. Branch, 308 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

NEW MUSIC!

Send two-cent postage-stamp with your address for our latest catalogue. Address,

HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE,
"Sun Building,"
166 Nassau Street, New York.

Brevort House,
FIFTH AVENUE,
Near Washington Square,
NEW YORK.

A quiet Hotel of enviable reputation, with a Restaurant of peculiar excellence.

O. B. LIBBEY, Proprietor.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1874.
C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free.
390 Broadway, N. Y.
Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

GUNTHER'S C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, CHICAGO. [Refers to all Chicago.]
CANDY.
A sample order by express of the finest candy in America will be sent to any address for \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5. Put up in handsome boxes, suitable for presents. Try it once.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters. AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.



ONLY FOR
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.
Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.
For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.
BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

DR. L. YOUNG, 445 Canal Street, New York.



Dr. Young's Patent Electric Belts
A sure cure for Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness of Body & Mind, etc. Write for Pamphlet on Manly Vigor, free.

DR. L. YOUNG, 445 Canal Street, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The danger of catching a sudden cold, which may develop Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, or some other dangerous disease of the throat and lungs, has demonstrated, again and again, the importance of providing for just such emergencies by always keeping on hand a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Will Cure Bronchitis

Sarah A. Sloan, Forest Grove, Oregon, writes: "A long time ago I had severe Bronchitis. As several of my brothers and sisters had died after being similarly affected, I became alarmed, and commenced the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle cured me. The trouble has never returned, and I believe that the Cherry Pectoral saved my life."

J. M. Wharton, Jamestown, N. C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a long time in my family, and have yet to see its failure to cure Bronchial troubles or Coughs of any kind." Jas. Walden, Byhalia, Miss., writes: "I suffered eight years from Bronchitis, and was cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

And Asthma.

Mrs. Mary A. E. Johnson, Horntown, Pa., writes: "I am now 60 years old. I had good health, until afflicted with Asthma, a few years ago. This was accompanied by a severe Cough. I suffered for over a year, until I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved and cured me. I believe it a God-send."

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

PREPARED BY

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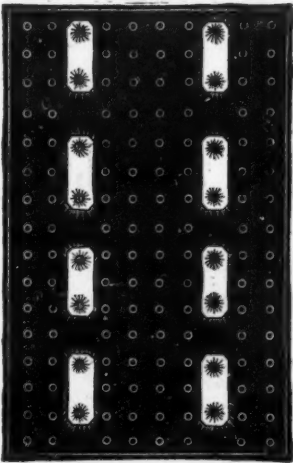
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THE HOSTESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE lady who has presided over the White House in each successive Administration since the time when the United States became a nation, has always been a prominent figure both socially and politically. Martha Washington, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Tyler and Harriet Lane, and others in former days, and Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. McElroy in our own, have become as well known to the people of the country as the succeeding Presidents themselves. Their personal appearance, their character, their mode of dress and manner of life, have always been minutely described and told and retold in the magazine and newspaper literature not only of America, but of Europe as well. They have shone with the reflected glory of the great Chief Magistrates beside them, and have become in every instance public characters.

What Mrs. Astor is to New York, Mrs. Cadwalader to Philadelphia, Mrs. Carroll, of Carrollton, to Baltimore, and Mrs. Minot or Mrs. Sears to Boston society, the lady of the White House is to that of the United States. Her every social act becomes of importance; and if she be a woman of marked originality, and institute any new customs, or depart in any way in her dress or mode of giving or arranging entertainments, etc., from the generally accepted rules of social etiquette, the fact is immediately widely told and universally commented upon.

President Cleveland is the second Chief Magistrate in the country's history who enters upon his duties as a bachelor. President Buchanan was his only predecessor in this regard. While in the White House, President Tyler was married a second time, his bride being Miss Julia Gardner. Miss Harriet Lane was the lady of the White House during Buchanan's administration. There have been several widower Presidents, of which Arthur was the last. There is much natural public curiosity, therefore, in regard to President Cleveland's choice of the lady who shall now preside over the Presidential mansion. It is generally thought that Miss E. R. Cleveland, his sister, will be given that exalted position, though she has shown great reluctance in accepting it. She has been an earnest and industrious woman, and never contemplated a life of luxury, much less one of conspicuous position before the country. One who knows her well says: "She is as unique in her way as her brother is in his, though they are apparently not at all alike in

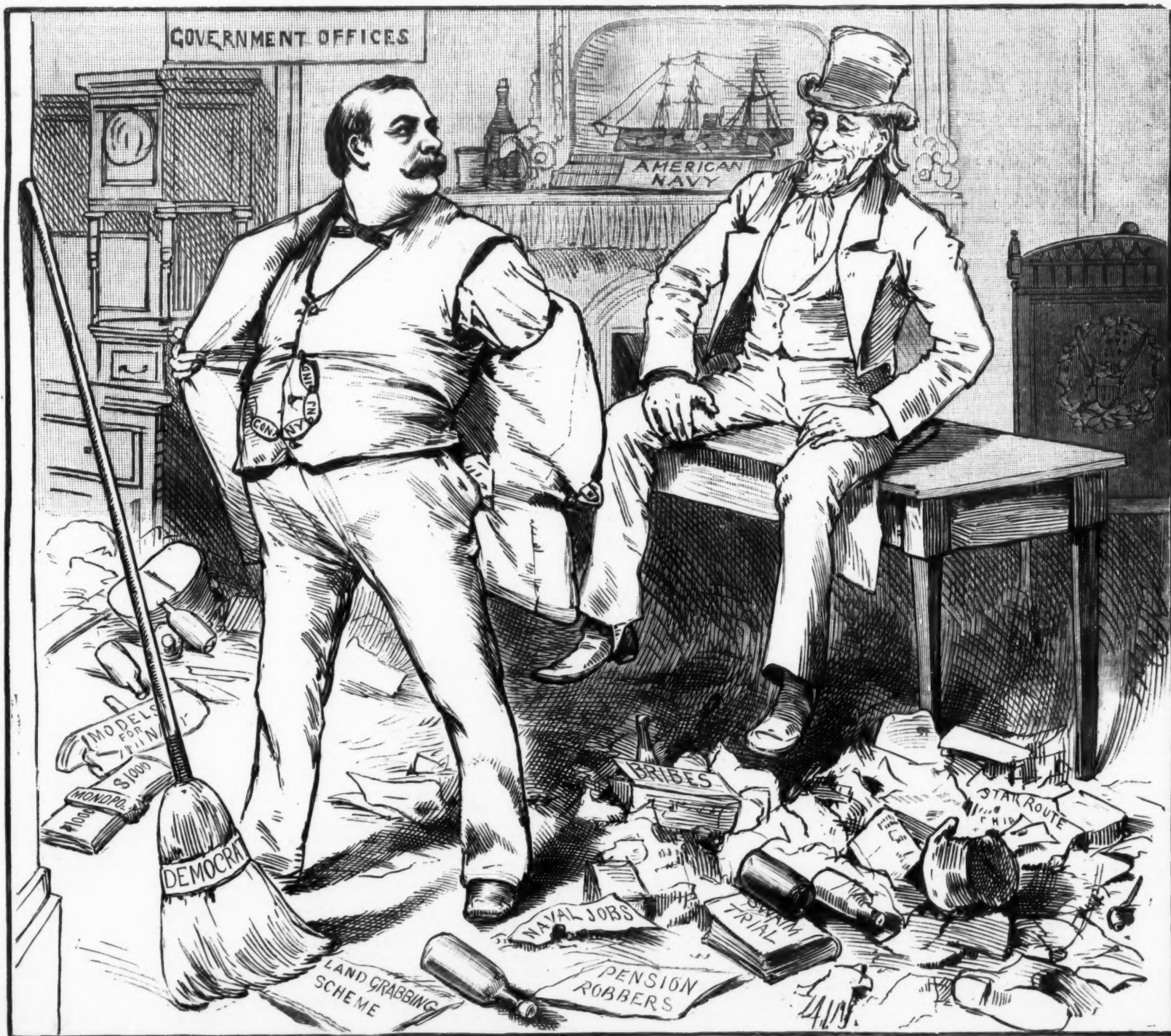


MISS FRANCES C. FOLSOM, ALLEGED BRIDE-ELECT OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.
PHOTO. BY STERRY.

general character, nor does she physically resemble him. She is of medium stature and build, with a shapely and highly intellectual face. She is good-looking, but not pretty. She dresses neatly, but plainly, and wears few ornaments. She has for a long time been a lecturer by profession, her speciality being educational subjects, and her audiences usually the pupils of girls' schools. She has, for example, just lectured at the Elmira Seminary on "Joan of Arc." She speaks several languages, is exceptionally well informed in history and the arts, and has that degree of confidence in herself and the knowledge she possesses to be able to firmly take the lead in conversation, and to hold it against the bright men and women who have come in contact with her. Yet in some respects she is notably shy, and always so modest and amiable as to win friends easily and quickly." Should she assume the position of "lady of the White House" there is no doubt that Miss Cleveland's administration will possess distinctive qualities, for she is a woman of strong will with firmly grounded notions on all subjects.

There are many rumors, however, that Miss Cleveland may be superseded within a very short time by Miss Frances C. Folsom, who is likely to become Mrs. Cleveland. Whether these reports be well-founded or no, it is almost certain that the young lady in question will be a prominent member of the White House family, for both the President and Miss Cleveland are devoted to her. Miss Folsom, whose faithful portrait is given in this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, is just twenty years old, and is the daughter of President Cleveland's old law partner, now dead. She was his only daughter, and since her recent graduation from West College, Aurora, N. Y., has resided with her mother in Buffalo. She is a pronounced brunette, with jet black hair and eyes, and a beautiful complexion, exceedingly clever and intelligent, and tall and of striking appearance in every way. Whether as Miss Folsom or Mrs. Cleveland she is certain to be a great addition to Washington society, and if she becomes the lady of the White House, the women of America will have a leader well fitted for the position.

It is understood that President Cleveland proposes to put a stop to the indiscriminate invasion of the White House by curious visitors. He will not object to the public inspection of the state parlors whenever they are not in use, but the living apartments of his family will not be thrown wide open to whoever cares to see them.



THE NEW WHITE HOUSE BROOM.

UNCLE SAM.—"I RATHER THINK, FROM PRESENT INDICATIONS, THAT THIS NEW VENTURE OF MINE WILL TURN OUT VERY SATISFACTORILY."

FROM NATURE TO MAN.

TIME was when Nature's every mystic mood
Poured round my heart a flood of eager joy;
When pageantry of sunsets moved the boy
More than high ventures of the great and good;
When trellised shadows in the vernal wood,
And little peeping flowers, so sweet and coy,
Were simple happiness without alloy,
And whispered to me things I understood.
But now the strange sad weight of human woe,
And all the bitterness of human wrong,
Press on my saddened spirit as I go,
And stir the pulsings of a graver song:
Dread mysteries of life and death I scan,
And all my soul is only full of Man.

W. WALSHAM BEDFORD.

TWO.

By ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"I NEVER was happy in my life."
A girl of nineteen, perhaps, with hazel eyes and great ebony braids pushed away from her temples behind the small ears. She sat on a low seat before the fire, trimming a lace cap with white satin ribbons, and spoke quite simply, though Ainslie Fordyce naturally looked around at her from his seat at the window.

He was a tall, fair young fellow, with curling blonde locks, sparkling gray eyes, and a style of indolent grace which contrasted with the air of repression and reserve which marked the girl. But for that she would have been more than fine-looking—she would have been beautiful. After she had closed her lips, she sat lost in reverie, unconscious that her companion, usually so easy and careless, seemed disturbed.

What strange words for Olive to speak! he was thinking; and yet, as he pondered, he ceased to call them strange. It had been ten years since his stepmother had brought the little thing, a distant relative, home to them. There was a stain upon her birth. They had been very kind to her. Still, was it wonderful that she "had never been happy"?

He had been speaking of the fortune which lay just beyond them—his stepmother and himself—the Donovere money, which, having been willed Ainslie Fordyce, had never yet been his, on account of some important testimonials which were still to be found. He had said, "If we were rich you would be quite happy, would you not, Olive?" and she had answered him thus.

It was not often that he thought much of this girl with whom he had lived so long. She was like a quiet shadow in the house—faultless, docile, fond of his stepmother, undemonstrative towards him. He forgot her now, as Henry Roche's square shoulders and close-curling black head showed themselves at the open window. His head-like eyes were glittering with impatience.

"Come out, Ainslie," he said, in a low voice. The other rose, looked about the fragrant little parlor for his hat, and, snatching it, passed out of the open door into the street. Olive rose, and leaned across the red Burgundy roses on the sill, to look after them. They soon passed from view.

"I saw her to-day," Roche was saying to Ainslie. "She is in town, visiting the Frazers. You know them?"

"Yes."

"Take me up this evening. I will not have as good a chance again soon, and I must see her!"

He was a Hercules—ugly, strong, yet attractive, withal, partly in being so very unlike other men, his companion especially. They were always together, these two, though Roche, at four-and-thirty, was ten years Fordyce's senior. The former was passionately in love with a beauty and heiress, Blanche Gore, and if he did not win her, it would be the first time in his life he had failed to have his way. He gave Ainslie much of his confidence, and he had told him openly of the fascination Miss Gore had for him.

"I've seen women and women. There's none like her. You'll say so when you've seen her, my boy."

Ainslie laughed incredulously. He thought Roche had hit that was all. But, good-naturedly, he went to the Frazers' that evening.

They were rich people—lived handsomely. Yet, when he was presented, they were the air of not often receiving such a guest as Henry Roche. His breeding was perfect; his dress was always elegant. Miss Gore, too, drew her fine brows to a frown as he stood before her—black, ugly, assured—a man impossible to overlook, however he might offend her fancy. She had met him but once, although he had seen her a score of times.

The victory of winning her seemed far enough off, certainly. There she stood, stately, handsome, the frown still on her fine brows, while, with a faultless politeness, she conversed with Roche. Ainslie saw that she was a very elegant woman; stood aside and watched the perfect profile, the round, rose-robbed figure; observed that the little frown was a peculiarity of Miss Gore's, and that she wore diamonds with the peach-colored silk.

"We have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Roche before," Mrs. Frazer was saying. "Is it—"

she hesitated—"Mr. Roche, of Forestville?"

"Of Forestville," he responded, conscious that Mrs. Frazer was silent for a moment and changed color.

It occurred to him, then, that during the past year he had heard some reports of Roche's vices. He had never seen anything of them. His intimacy with Roche dated from the time, five years before, when, crossing Roche's grounds for a short-cut home from hunting, he had been attacked by a ferocious dog, whom he was handling with difficulty when Roche came through the hedge, seized the dog and hurled him into the river. Ainslie was only a stripling then, but Roche took a fancy to the boy, which he held to. It did not seem to matter in the least that Ainslie

was only a poor bookkeeper, while he was a rich man, and their intercourse had been of the pleasantest and purest character. Indeed, aught else was impossible to Ainslie Fordyce. "There was no harm in the boy, and he was as frank as light," Roche had once said of him, and it still held true. If Henry Roche, mature, experienced, world-wise, had a dark side, he had never shown it to him. He was unmistakably fond of his young friend, generally entertained by his ingenuousness, and Ainslie felt that he gave him a confidence which he gave no other. But now in the pause after Mrs. Frazer's words and while Miss Gore's peach-colored silk swept over his feet in passing, he felt that there might be another side to the matter.

He carried away the impression from Mrs. Frazer's that she had been disturbed at receiving Henry Roche. She was a very good woman; he had known her long and knew her pretty daughters. On his pillow, that night, he recalled the things he had heard said of Roche, but at last turned to slumber with the conviction that they were lies. It was certainly the easiest thing to believe.

Ainslie had seen many phases of Roche, but he had never beheld him in love before. He had seen Miss Gore now, and did not wonder, though he told himself that he should never fancy a woman so tall and stately.

Roche came to the house next day. He liked the little parlor with its few fine pictures and the Burgundy roses on the window-sill. Olive always went away when he came, but Mrs. Fordyce usually continued her sewing, and did not mind the cigar-smoke.

"I am in luck," Roche said, in an aside to Ainslie. "She will be at the ball to-night. Are you going?"

"No. Are you going to succeed with Miss Gore?" with a smile.

Roche took his cigar from between his teeth, and gazed meditatively at the fire.

"I hope so," he said, coolly.

Ainslie was specially fond of dancing, but he felt compelled to write letters that evening—the Donovere money again—and denied himself. Perhaps he would not have so overlooked his inclinations, but he saw his stepmother glance at him apprehensively, if not impatiently. She found fault with him that he lacked the application and ambition to secure a not inconsiderable fortune. But love of money was not one of Ainslie's faults, and there was a great deal of exertion needed still to secure the Donovere money.

But when the letters were finished, there was no sound in the sleeping house but that of the coals dropping from the grate, and it was not much past ten o'clock. Ainslie went quietly to his room for a slight change of dress, and then passed quietly out of the house.

It was a fine Autumn evening. He had a brisk walk through the quiet town. In half an hour he ran lightly up the hall-stairs, animated by the swells of waltz music.

Miss Gore was dancing with Roche, and some men near him were talking.

"She looks well by gaslight; better than some fair women. I don't fancy blondes myself. Roche's hard hit, isn't he?"

"Can't say. It wouldn't do him much good if he were, if she were to hear of the Pearl affair."

The men laughed, and Ainslie listened with a heightened color. He wondered what the Pearl affair was. In a moment more Roche had led Miss Gore to a seat, and, turning, saw him. He came over. He was looking flushed, elated, and grasped Ainslie's arm.

"Are you going to dance?"

"No."

"She is going home early. When I have seen her to her carriage I want to walk home with you."

Ainslie remained half an hour, gazing on, but not mixing with the human flower-garden, and then Miss Gore came out of the dressing-room with a blue velvet bournese over her high-dressed blonde hair, and after a moment Roche joined him on the sidewalk.

"Well," looking arms with him as they walked rapidly down the street, "what do you think of Miss Gore?"

"She is very handsome. Not that I should fancy her, though."

"Umph! You are sure?"

"Quite."

"Well, if there is no danger of your playing Alden—Longfellow's version, you know—to my Pricilla, take a little pains to see her and speak a good word for me. You will be invited to dine at the Frazers' to-morrow, and she will be there. Can you go?"

"Yes."

"You see, I wasn't a saint in my younger days, and there are things I have done off color. Yet you haven't found me a bad fellow, have you, Ainslie?"

Ainslie laughed lightly as he met the other's sharp eyes.

"Scarcely; I'll go to Frazer's if they want me. Do you think Miss Gore will talk to me?"

"Oh, yes; you will find her more accessible than you think. She has asked me about you."

Miss Gore's dinner-dress, the next day, was of black velvet, very striking in its simplicity and richness. She smiled when Ainslie sat down beside her. He plunged at once into the matter in hand.

"Mr. Roche is not here to-day?"

"No, I believe he was invited, but he did not come," said Blanche.

"He staid away, perhaps, to give me a chance to praise him. He is a brave, whole-souled fellow, afraid of nothing, generous to a fault."

It will be seen that Ainslie did not do his task by halves. Perhaps something of the kind was in Miss Gore's mind, for at him she looked with a smile curving her scarlet lips. She could see his

close-cut brown curls and clear profile as he bent over her lap, while her white jeweled hands held their burden of lace handkerchief.

"You have known him a long time?" she syllabled, silverly.

"O, yes. I'm a protégé of his," with a smile.

"Then you sound his praises from gratitude?"

"Not at all. I am simply stating facts. I think a man as rich as Henry Roche is seldom found so unspoiled and free-handed."

"His home at Forestville is very beautiful; filled with choice things, they tell me," observed Miss Gore. "We are going there to-morrow."

Then the Frazers had accepted Roche's invitation. That was sufficient. Ainslie felt as if his further intercession was not needed. But he went with Miss Gore to the lighthouse, and wondered that she looked so beautiful against all colors and in all lights. Perhaps the carnations and heliotropes made him a little heady, for he found himself musing over the perfume Blanche Gore wore, and the softness of her hand at parting; and he ceased to wonder that Roche was in love with her.

He was not, of course; but he found his way often to the Frazers' during the intervening weeks of his vacation. He told himself he came to see Maggie and Jeanie, the bright and pretty daughters of the house, and we must do him the justice to say that he was unconscious of his growing infatuation. But the bright rooms lost half their charm if Blanche Gore were not present; he was elated if he met her; he was depressed if he did not. No voice or face ever charmed him as did hers.

Not that he recognized the tide which had arisen within him. He had played the gallant to half a score of pretty girls. He had always had an eye for a peachy cheek, a bright eye, a pretty figure. He had danced and picnicked with the Frazer girls for two years. But with this silver-voiced, fair-haired woman there was a subtle difference.

"Blanche will spend the Winter with us. She is my second cousin. Don't you think her very handsome?" said Maggie Frazer.

Ainslie said that he did. He thought, with a new thrill, of the old Winter amusements. Did Blanche like dancing very much, and sleigh-rides? Roche had a beautiful cutter. He wished, for the first time in his life, that he had more money. But he had a brave heart, and that evening, when Blanche was at the piano, he said, quietly: "I wish you would let me have the pleasure of taking you to the concert to-night. A very pretty little girl, one of our townspeople, just returned from abroad, is to make her debut. I fancy you have heard worse singing than Carle Lawton's."

"I would like to go," she answered, still playing.

It was a rainy night, and as he brought a carriage for Miss Gore he was secretly glad that Roche was in New York. To be sure, there was no harm in the attention, but as her silken dress brushed his feet in the carriage, as his arm supported her steps for the first time, as the perfume she wore and the music alike thrilled his senses, he was conscious that a dogged resistance to Roche's claims hardened his heart against his friend. Secretly disturbed by this discovery, yet charmed, happy, he sat gazing upon the stage, when a stir in the audience made him discover that the hall was filled with a faint blue smoke. Then there was a strange scent, and the cry:

"Fire! fire! fire!"

In a moment the music faltered, shrieks and cries filled the air, the well-bred audience became a mass of frantic, struggling human beings. Miss Gore sprang into the aisle, but was whirled back in his arms.

"We cannot get out! I shall be burned alive!" she cried.

"No, no," he replied, soothingly, but for his life he could not see otherwise. The wide doors seemed wedged together by the pressure, which prevented egress. The people were climbing over the seats. They had flung up the windows and were leaning out with frantic cries. The fire-bells began to ring. Stifled by the smoke, or faint with terror, Blanche Gore had swooned in his arms.

He had some knowledge of the building, and with his fair burden dragging from his arms, he climbed upon the stage and made his way, stumbling over Blanche's silken dress, into a narrow passage, which led, at last, by a series of stone steps, to what seemed the basement of the building.

There was no smoke here, and he could draw his breath. It was a dim, vault-like place, with a faint light streaming from somewhere, massive stone walls around him, and a chill pervading the atmosphere. Afar off, it seemed, the tumult of terror raged. He drew a breath of relief, and looked about for a place to lay down his burden.

There was none but the stone floor. He unconsciously lifted her higher at the thought, and the beautiful pallid face, with its marvelous contours and rolls of gold hair, fell forward upon his breast. He paused, utterly alarmed, for one brief instant; then, with a struggle for honor, resisted the impulse to kiss the dainty, curved, unconscious mouth, and with a groan of distress, pushed his way along the vault to an open bulkhead, by which he climbed upon a narrow pavement in the rear of the building. By chance he saw his own black driver slowly walking his horses.

"The building is on fire in front. This lady has fainted; help me put her in the carriage," he called.

They had no sooner set forth than the motion or the damp wind made Blanche gasp, and recover.

"Oh, how dreadful! Did I faint? Did you have to bring me out in your arms? Oh!" with a cry and gesture of impatience; and then she added: "Was any one hurt, Mr. Fordyce?"

"I don't know yet. Here we are at your home. Do you feel able to stand?"

"Oh, yes," she said, hastily, though she reeled, dizzily, as soon as her foot touched the pavement, but recovered herself with resolution. "Mr. For-

dyce, wait a moment, I beg—I had much rather you would not tell that I made you so much trouble—that I fainted."

"Just as you choose, of course," he answered, seeing her color come back by the light from the drawing-room window.

Then she pressed his hand, and ran up the steps of the house and was gone.

It was not raining now, and, dismissing the hack, Ainslie walked home. A strange exaltation, rather than excitement, possessed him. It never occurred to him to speak of the fire to his stepmother or Olive the next morning, when he met them after a wakeful night, though Olive seemed to know that he had been abroad. That day he forced himself, with difficulty, to attend to his duties. At night he was at the Frazers'.

Blanche Gore met him with a swift, bright blush. Roche was on the sofa beside her; he had returned from New York.

Ainslie knew he would not be long absent. And he thought he knew, too, the reason why Blanche wanted him to say nothing of the transactions of the previous night. He read it in the slight anxiety of her countenance as he lingered near. But why should he linger? he asked himself, bitterly. Miss Gore seemed engrossed with Mr. Roche, or Mr. Roche with Miss Gore, it did not matter which. Maggie Frazer's bright eyes invited him to stay and flirt with her, but he soon left them all, passing by a side door into the garden, which was full of black shrubs, and wind-blown, ghostly, white petunias. He went no farther for a long time. He could see a lovely head, like a clear-cut cameo, on the curtain. Rash fool he had been to say that he was in no danger! She was the most beautiful creature in the world, and he was madly in love with her. And Roche had believed him! But he believed it himself, then. But now! Was he to step aside, to be ignored by Roche, by them both? No; he would have his rights, by Heaven! the right to be heard like a man, and, as for marriage, he would not be beneath her with the Donovere money. He did not know how long he walked back and forth there when he heard a step behind him.

"Is that you, Ainslie?" exclaimed Roche, in a smothered tone, and the two men faced each other in the darkness.

"I—I may as well out with it, Roche!" Ainslie broke forth. "I did not know her then. I love her. I love her, and I will not be trifled with!"

It was too dark for him to see Roche's face, but he could see his steady, square shoulders and bent head.

"I will have my chance with her as well as yourself!" Ainslie went on. "Why not? I am not a fool, or ill-looking, or—without means."

He paused, hesitating.

"Umph!" was Roche's response. "Then you have means to marry a woman like Blanche Gore, supposing you get the chance?"

"I have prospects—good ones," exclaimed Ainslie, irritated by the other's coolness.

"Oh, well," returned Roche, moving on a step, "you can take your chance, of course. Everybody can do that."

He spoke coldly. He was astonished, shocked, angry, but he spoke coldly. Ainslie recognized a hardness in him which he had never felt before, but it only added to his own resolution. Nothing daunted him now, though he felt a pang as Roche walked away, and he knew that the friendship between them was gone. Roche had been kind to him, and it galled him to understand that the other must find him, in a sense, ungrateful, but there was no reasoning with his passion. He must have his way if he could get it, and, hastening home, he spent a disturbed night, dreaming of Blanche Gore, of Carle Lawton, the opera singer, of Olive, of the Donovere money.

The next evening found him at the Frazers'. Never did woman distribute her favors more impartially than Miss Gore. Yet she certainly kept both her admirers at a certain distance, that left them, at the end of several weeks, no nearer their end. Roche seemed sullenly to hate Ainslie, but he preserved civility. Ainslie, less prudent, would, several times, have quarreled with him in Miss Gore's presence, but that Roche overlooked his irritating remarks. Meanwhile Gore *père*, pompous, purse-proud, arrived on the scene, and Ainslie had wisdom enough left not to press his suit under the circumstances. One glance at the man's cold blue eyes was enough to bring him to his senses as far as his prospects were concerned, but he worked in those days for the Donovere money as he had never worked before, writing letters all night, interviewing disagreeable people, taking a long frigid journey far into Maine; in short, delighting his stepmother and wearing himself thin and pale. Olive seemed to see that.

"You look very badly," she said, one December night, when he came home chilled and weary from a long drive. It was past eleven o'clock, but the fire was bright and the chocolate hot, though his stepmother had been long asleep.

"You did not use to care so much for the Donovere money," she said, watching him from her low seat on the hearth-rug.

"No," he answered, absently, as he sipped the chocolate. He scarcely noticed her, but she watched him, with her soft, guarded eyes. She saw the change in him; any one could see that. What more she saw she was not one to tell.

Then came the accident.

Roche was stepping from a sleigh at the door when the horses took fright, plunged and flung Blanche forth headlong. Ainslie, descending the Frazer stone steps to offer his assistance, sprang forward and saved her from being thrown with violence upon the icy pavement. She was pale and shaking as they went up to the drawing-room. It was unoccupied. With a grateful smile she turned to him. That sweet, pallid smile did the work.

"If you were killed I would die, too," he cried.

"Don't you know that I love you better than my life?"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, quite white now.

There were footsteps approaching.

"Blanche," he declared, "you know the truth. Have you no word for me?"

She seemed to cast about her desperately.

"Come to-night," she said, hurriedly, as her father came into the room.

Evening came. Roche was present when Ainslie came into the drawing-room. There was, too, a strange gentleman present—Dr. Conrad. He was beside Blanche, and she wore an air which the two men had never seen her wear before.

"What do you think of my cousin's fiancée?" whispered Maggie Frazer in Ainslie's ear. "Nice, isn't he? But so horribly jealous she will never dare look at you and Mr. Roche this evening. Blanche always did have so many beaux!"

The girl was telling him the solemn truth. When his eyes and ears aided him in understanding it, he got out of the house as quickly as he could. He did not know where he was, but by-and-by Roche joined him. The latter glanced at the younger man's fevered, haggard face at every lamp-post. He was older, wiser, bore his disappointment better. They stopped, at last, at Ainslie's door. "Good night," said Roche, in a softer tone than he had spoken for months.

Ainslie staggered in. His stepmother met him with an open letter. "The Donovere money is yours!" she said.

It was fine Spring weather after the cards had come from Blanche Gore's wedding. It seemed a year to Ainslie Fordyce since he had seen her. He hoped he should never see her again.

The Bergundy roses were red upon the window-sill. Ainslie, no longer a poor book-keeper, was busy at a table of papers. Olive sat with a book on her knee by the fire, but she was not reading. Her soft, guarded eyes were on his face. He looked up, and she said, gently:

"You are looking better."

He came and stood on the rug before her.

"Olive, you know all. It is quite over now, and I am very glad. I never should have been happy with her. I was a fool! Olive, you have been very kind to me. You are the one creature who has always blessed me. Could I—and the Donovere money—make you happy, Olive?"

Such a radiance as swept over her upturned face! He saw that it only needed love to make her beautiful.

"What a blind idiot I have been!" he murmured, gazing upon her. "Darling, will you come?" and she came into his arms.

And Roche was of the wedding-party to Niagara. The two were friends again.

FAMOUS WOMEN MET IN PARIS.

IT is possible in one day in Paris to meet three literary ladies of very different style, yet all interesting in their way, and worth a word of record. The first one is Madame Henri Gréville, the most "popular of the pure novelists," as one of her own country people has described her.

Madame Henri Gréville is now about forty-five years of age, short and rather stout, with a pair of beaming black eyes, a large, rather round face, fine teeth, good complexion and black hair, a physiognomy most pleasing from its healthful, cheerful and intelligent expression. She speaks English remarkably well, is very fond of Americans, and hopes to come to our country for a lecturing tour, for she makes great successes, particularly in Holland, with her lectures. She has indomitable energy written all over her, and is, altogether, for any company a most valuable addition. She is entirely without self-consciousness, and is most anxious to please. Her common sense, as we say in America, is intuitive, and helps her to make herself agreeable in every circle. So successful is she in every branch of literary work, that she is in great demand as a feuilletoniste or writer for the papers, and almost all the daily papers of Paris send to her for articles on every subject of universal interest. "She is a woman who can make five hundred francs whenever she wishes," says one of her fellow-workers. The remarkable ability displayed in her novels is, of course, well known to all Americans. Her fine novel of "Ariadne" was written from the life, she having known a proud, beautiful young girl, who preferred to starve to accepting help of any kind. On being asked by a lady why she had treated her Russian subjects with so much respect, not having, as she might have done, painted the familiar wicked Russian Princess as the other French authors had done, she said, nobly: "I went to Russia as a poor governess; I owed to Russia my bread. I could tell much of the dissolute life of its nobility, but I felt that it would be disloyalty in me to reveal that which came to me through no external channel. I did love the peasantry of Russia. I found them religious and patient, grand in their submission, and I greatly loved and respected the Czar. I could, therefore, draw my portraits from those whom I respected, and I could draw the veil over the secrets which other novelists have not hesitated to make public. I have a mass of papers which may be published after my death, but I shall never tell the tale."

This most noble reticence cannot but be respected by every person, particularly by those who know the temptation which a novelist feels in these days to work into his story all that is picturesque. And certainly, the life of a Russian Princess, powerful, rich, beautiful and unprincipled, is a theme for a novelist. An author, too, who adds to Ouida's power of description the far finer gift of subtle analysis of character might well be excused for yielding to the temptation. Madame Gréville has also proved herself a worthy painter

of the "éternelle féminine." She knows a woman's heart to its deepest recesses; she could have well described some Russian Princess, with her subtle enigmatical contradictions, her headlong impulses, her icy and self-contained nature, against which her lover might beat himself to death; she might have made such a woman dangerously interesting, but she has foreborne. Rather has she liked to paint the tender reverence of love, a pure passion, tempered, perhaps, by superstitious devotion, or an idol hidden away in a sanctuary, and worshipped with tears and prayers; or she has shown us the full flowing tide of a pure love, bearing away on its smooth, irresistible surface all the oppositions of rank, wealth and worldly impediments. She has given us the brave old soldier, the patient, sorrowing mother, the pure young martyr, the trustful wife, as her heroes and heroines. She has given us Love's humility in man—he who makes his life-work ring out nobly the knell of his regrets if he cannot win the woman whom he loves. With all this, she has, however, pathos, smiles and tears; she writes amusingly, as well as nobly, and it is to the undying honor of her countrymen, that—fed on such high-seasoned dishes as they are—that they so adore the works of Henri Gréville. It shows that as yet there has been no ossification of the French moral nature. The later novels of Alphonse Daudet jar discordantly on the noble music of his past. Octave Feuillet commenced purely, but ended badly. Victor Cherbuliez has not always kept his paper white. Few have been so strong that they can resist the temptation to cater to a perverted popular taste, but there is no scum on the cup into which Henri Gréville pours her sparkling wine, no poisonous residuum. It is a vase fit for a Hebe to carry. The American mother can give it to her rosebud daughter.

Another literary lady of renown belongs to us. This is Mrs. Lucy Hooper, of Philadelphia, now residing in Paris. Born to opulence, after a childhood spent in luxury, Mrs. Hooper found her pleasure in literary recreation. For magazines she wrote many good stories, one of which, published in *Lippincott*, served Wilkie Collins for the model and plot of his "New Magdalen." She has a strong, vivid imagination, much originality, and a very vivacious style. She is also a poet, and has written some very pathetic verses, besides having translated from the German the best masterpieces of Schiller and Goethe. Mrs. Hooper is a singular instance of versatility, her prose and her verse indicating two very different characters. Mrs. Hooper has felt the spear of Ithuriel; she has been obliged to see both sides of the shield. A sudden change in the "price of securities," absurd *mismomer*! and she found herself without that inherited fortune. The fine old home must be sold. Her library, most precious possession, went; "all went, save honor"—that remained. The brightest gem that ever sparkled on her brow she kept. She made a business of that which had been pleasure, and wrote for her luxuries. For ten years she has been in Paris and corresponding with American newspapers, writing for magazines; she has edited several books and published one, "Under the Tricolor," which had an immense sale. Unfortunately, she allowed her wit to run away with her judgment in certain portraits of well-known Americans; and this book, which is exceedingly clever, gave offense. Fortunately, no one can accuse Mrs. Hooper of snobbery, for her victims were all aristocrats, rich and well-to-do people. To poor artists and struggling singers, modest and unfortunate people—to these she is most kind. She is a generous woman, generous to a fault, and has hosts of friends who admire her self-devotion. She was not obliged to thus give up her own private fortune; the world would have liked her the better had she kept it; but a higher ideal of honor, than that of worldly success, seemed to her of more importance than all else. She gave up her money and harnessed herself to the heavily laden car of literary daily labor. She has had the pleasure to see her daughter inherit her genius and her noble industry, although it takes the form of histrionic representation, in the daughter's case; they are much alike.

In Mrs. Hooper's beautifully furnished apartments in Paris, where the walls are hung with exquisite pictures, mostly from the pencils of contemporaneous friends, presented by them, one meets the best of the talent of the day, musical and literary and artistic. Here comes her very great friend, the famously rich Mrs. Mackay, a pretty, well-bred and interesting woman, deserving all Mrs. Hooper's encomiums. No one is further off from the usually received opinion in America, which would make her a typical vulgar rich woman, than is Mrs. Mackay. She is exceedingly refined, well educated, simply dressed, excepting when fine clothes are in order, as at a grand ball, devoted to her charities and her religion (she is a devout Catholic), taking good care of her children and educating them thoroughly. Such—*en passant*—is one of the most talked of and most misunderstood women of the present day.

The third, and most famous woman of the three, remains to be described, and the problem is a difficult one. Madame Adam has been much on the lips of the public for the last few years. Not always spoken of favorably—a genius, a beauty, a politician, a friend of Gambetta—a woman who has been named by her country as "La Grande Française," must be content to wear some nettles in her crown. People have accredited her with great crimes, as well as with great virtues. Some ladies will not visit her; others are only too glad to be permitted to do so. She is a very handsome widow of thirty-five, looking like an Italian picture—oval face, large dark eyes, low brow, dark hair, heavy eyelashes, and white teeth, with a tall *scelte*, perfect figure. An immense vitality of heart and brain beats through this expressive organization. She is the very Sappho of Freedom, the breathing incarnate-

tion of that motto, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." She is well known by many works, most of all by her "Patrie Hongroise," in which she gives the history of Kossuth's nation from the merest details to its proudest historical events. There is a great charm in her style; she has a wonderful love of, and a grand comprehension of, nature. She loves flowers and cloud shadows, and the group of peasant children. It is a nature tuned to fine melodies; she makes her reader travel with her, through the black pine forests and through the orange-scented grove, past the sun-capped mountains, far into the mysterious heart of the savage Hungary. Woman-like, she has fascinated these strange people until they have told her their secrets. She has danced with them and drank their wines, a very Bacchante crowned with her own laurels as she did so, a beautiful woman with genius! The happiest combination under the sun—and she has discussed their politics like Minerva; sung their songs like Melpomene; she has wept over their sorrows like Niobe; she has been a very Cleopatra of charm and variety; and she has now the Hungarian heart. With a patriotic outburst which is almost untranslatable, she describes that "last insult of a traitor to a fallen nation," the capitulation of Georgy at Villargos, with 23,000 men, officers and soldiers; and she says, with bitter regret: "Hungary then became an Austrian province." We who remember how we once saluted Kossuth will read with pleasure this heroic tribute to him, from the eloquent Frenchwoman, which closes her book.

Madame Adam is a pagan. She professes to be so. She does not believe in the Christian religion. She loses, therefore, that strong hold on the sympathies of women which Henri Gréville, simple, truthful and humble believer, is sure to retain. She is the grand favorite of brilliant men. Her *salon* the last home of French conversation. On her head has fallen the wreath of George Sand. She represents as no other woman can the triumph of genius, generous impulse and the noble instincts of the purely intellectual nature. Her mother, an elegant old French lady, helps her to receive, and she is always most careful of "les convenances," still, as we have said, there are busy tongues at work ready to say disagreeable things. Perhaps she is a realization of the motto: "It is better for a woman to be quite unknown, than to mount the dizzy and perilous heights of fame and of intellectual distinction." M. E. W. S.

THOUGHTS ON PRACTICAL TOPICS.

ASYLUMS FOR INEBRIATES.

IN Massachusetts and Michigan efforts are in progress to establish State asylums for alcoholic inebriates. Though it is more than a century since the distinguished Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, pleaded for the establishment of such retreats, their number is still few and their influence limited. The asylum at Binghampton, successful for a time, finally failed by reason chiefly of improper administration. The Inebriate's Home at Fort Hamilton, New York, incorporated in 1866, has succeeded in effecting the reformation of many inmates. The Washingtonian Home in Boston, conducted by Dr. Albert Day, has for more than a quarter of a century proved of great and permanent usefulness.

Drunkenness is in many cases a physical disease. In all cases it is in some stages a disease. As a disease, therefore, it should be treated. In many cases also, and perhaps, in all, it is sin, a wrong done to oneself, to one's friends and to the community. To effect the cure of both the disease and the sin the retreat may prove of much worth.

The work of asylums in the past constitutes a strong argument for their organization in every State. The president of the Home at Fort Hamilton writes that of three hundred persons who were under treatment in a single year, ninety-eight "are known to be doing well in the outside world"; forty-four "have been lost sight of, but that very fact is an evidence that they have not returned to their old habits"; twenty-one "are known to have relapsed"; three "have died since leaving the institution"; twelve "are known to have considerably improved in their habits of life." The remainder, at the time of writing, were still inmates of the institution. Dr. Day, of the Washingtonian Home in Boston, affirms that "we have no doubt that more than fifty per cent. of the number admitted are permanently cured." He adds, "Almost every day we hear from some one who has been with us under treatment, who has been cured. In my experience I have found that so long as the victim of strong drink has the will, feeble as it may be, to put forth his efforts for a better life, he is almost sure to regain his will power and succeed in overcoming the habit."

Many of those who voluntarily place themselves, or are placed by relatives in these retreats are of a social grade much above the lowest. In each year at the Washingtonian Home are found lawyers, physicians and merchants. Clerks and indoor mechanics, however, represent the majority.

The treatment of drunkenness in the asylum is made more effective than its treatment by penal methods. The penal method usually confirms the inebriate in his evil ways. It destroys his self-respect. It engenders moral recklessness. If commitments were for long periods, more assured hopes of cure could be well entertained. The brief confinement in the jail, or house of correction, seldom effects a permanent relief. The British Medical Association, of nearly seven thousand members, passed a resolve declaring that "excessive intemperance is in many cases a symptom of a special form of insanity, which requires special treatment, with a view first, to recovery of those affected, and second, to the protection and

advantage of them and society." The dictate of medical science as well as the impulse of philanthropy, urges the establishment of these public retreats for the lessening of the evils which intemperance inflicts, and for the cure of those who are themselves thus severely afflicted.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

THE National Divorce Reform League, recently organized, and the various State Leagues, have a large and important field of work. In the year 1878 New England granted 2,113 divorces. In 1880 Maine granted 587; in 1882 New Hampshire granted 314, and Rhode Island, 274. In these three Commonwealths there is one divorce to every ten marriages. But the relative increase of divorces in the last decade is more significant than the present absolute number. In four New England States, in 1860, 726 divorces were granted; in 1870 the number had increased to 1,109; and in 1878 it had arisen to 1,439. In 1870 the City of New York had 212 divorces; in 1882 it had 316. In 1862 Philadelphia reported 101 divorces; in 1872 the number had more than doubled; in 1882 it had again more than doubled, reaching 477. In Ohio, in 1865, the ratio of divorces to marriages was as one to twenty; in 1881 it was as one to seventeen. In a decade the two largest counties in Minnesota increased divorces fifty per cent. faster than they increased marriages. In the Cities of Chicago and Louisville, in Connecticut, and in many counties of Michigan, one divorce is granted to every thirteen marriages. In the City of San Francisco and in the counties of several States, one divorce is granted for every six marriages!

The causes of this condition are many and diverse, some open, some hidden. One cause, often overlooked, lies in the fact that the present is a state of transition in the legal position of women. The debates as to "women's rights," the changes in the statistics as to the property rights of women, the advance in education and the increasing number of employments open to women, are signs of this period of transition. The family is thus affected. The relation of husband and wife is thus affected. That these changes will finally result in an improved social condition we do not doubt; but the process necessary to reach these improved social relations is accompanied by a dissolution of certain ties which formerly were strong. Divorce is a sign of their dissolution. Alkin to this general cause are special reasons, as the lax divorce laws, popular ignorance and a low idea of social morality.

These Leagues have already done much to improve the laws respecting divorces, and to enlighten and arouse the public conscience. Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire have, under the suggestion of these Leagues, made their status more strict. These States have arranged for the collection of the statistics of divorces. All measures introduced into the State Legislatures looking towards greater laxity have been defeated. The American Bar Association has indicated its interest in the movement by contributing at least one excellent practical measure and by discussing the general question in its meetings. The Churches, both Catholic and Protestant, have given their hearty co-operation, and the Protestant clergy have been aroused to their professional duties in reference to this question. The Catholic priesthood have not proved so negligent as the Protestant in relation to the divorce and re-marriage of those once joined in the holy bonds of matrimony; for marriage is a sacrament of the Catholic Church.

At its first annual meeting the Ohio League proposed three specific measures to the Legislature. They deserve universal attention: 1. Expunging from the law the vague clause granting divorce for "any gross neglect of duty," and forbidding the immediate re-marriage of the guilty partner in cases of divorce. 2. Provision to be made for the defense of all cases of divorce; the court to appoint counsel. 3. The appointment by the Governor of a commissioner to represent the State in an inter-State commission; thus to prepare a uniform system of divorce laws for submission to the Legislatures of the various States. It is also requested that the Governor invite the Legislatures of other Commonwealths to take similar action. Such measures promise to be quite as effective as any which Congress might pass.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

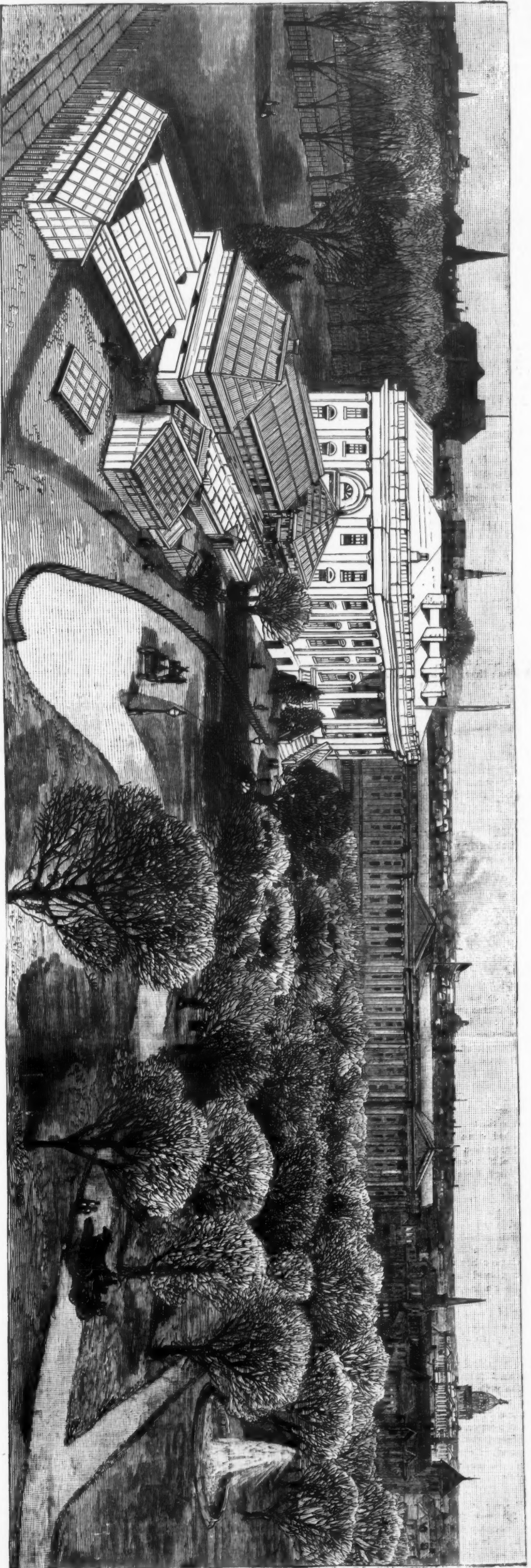
It may be questioned if any greater boon could be bestowed upon humanity than that of redeeming common duties from drudgery to delight. When the toils by which the home is made brighter and happier, the sweeping and dusting, the cooking and sewing and gardening, are once made really interesting to children, and under the stimulus of interest become matters of habitual, and, therefore, easy performance, then a real foundation will be laid for that moral elevation of the poor in their homes which is now clearly seen to be at the root of all social reform. Nor would the poor alone be elevated; all the homes in our land would be somewhat brighter and better if father, mother and children not only understood but delighted in the practice of the domestic arts.

It was such a transformation of drudgery to delight, and its elevation thereby to a real vocation which was contemplated in the formation of the Kitchen Garden Association of this city, to which we called attention some two years ago. This Society, after more than three years of successful work, has found its charter too limited for the wide sphere of usefulness which has opened around it. It has, therefore, recently been dissolved and re-formed, with broader scope and a better charter, as the Industrial Education Association. The circular, in which it sets forth its aims and methods, states that its object is "to

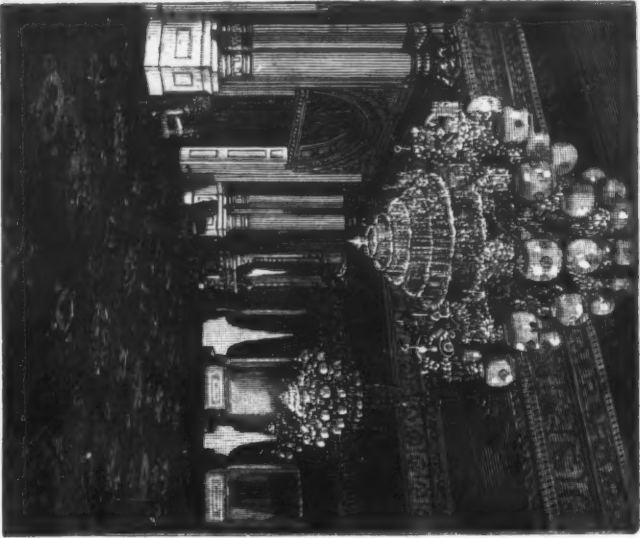


WASHINGTON, D. C.—CHARACTER SKETCHES IN AND ABOUT THE CAPITOL.

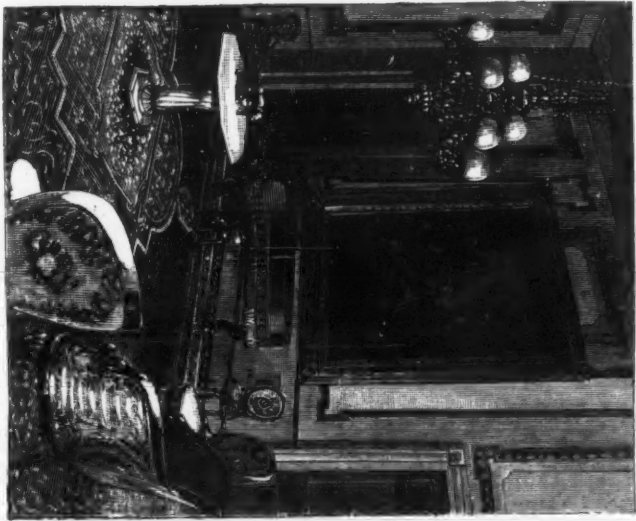
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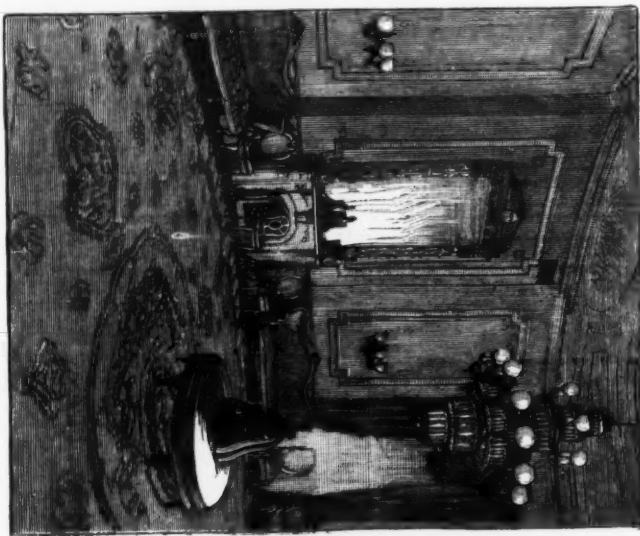
VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND GROUNDS, FROM THE ARMY AND NAVY BUILDING.



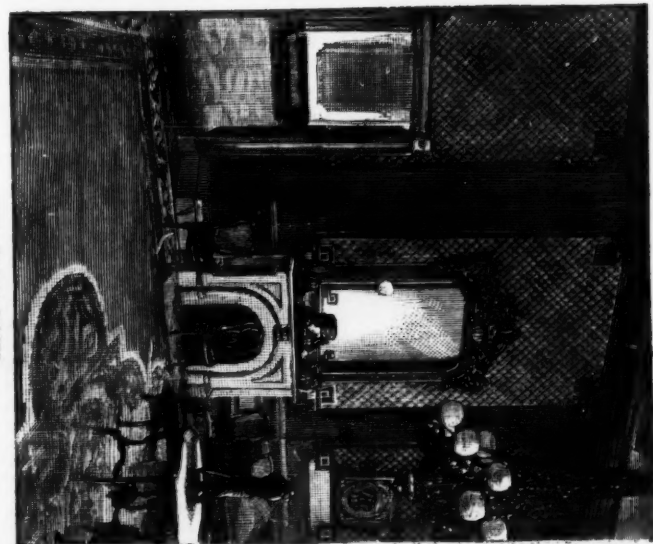
THE EAST ROOM.



THE RED ROOM.



THE BLUE ROOM.



THE GREEN ROOM.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, MARCH 4TH—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 54.

promote the training of all classes, of both sexes, in all those industrial arts which affect the home, and to enable those receiving it to be self-supporting." This object it purposes to further by three methods: By gathering information from all sources and distributing it by means of text-books prepared for special purposes, of the periodical press, and of circulars of information on special subjects, by procuring legislative action to secure industrial training, at least in all State institutions; and by bringing its own carefully elaborated methods into practical operation wherever an opening may be found. Thus it already has classes in household economy in many of the mission schools of this city, where little girls are taught sweeping, dusting, setting tables, baking, cooking and washing, all with "real" toy appliances, and to the accompaniment of songs and piano music. Other courses especially adapted to the learners are given in the model tenements and the Coffee House, and in many private schools in this and other cities.

The Children's Aid Society has adopted the very clever method devised by Mrs. Briant, of the former Kitchen Garden Association, for teaching agricultural work to little boys. By means of a large box of earth and miniature plows, hoes, harrows, etc., "they are taught the processes of preparing the ground, sowing the seed, caring for it, gathering in the crops, taking the corn or wheat to the mill, grinding it, and finally leaving it in the kitchen for the breadmaker. So the work of the farmer, like that of a housemaid, is made bright and attractive to children."

Believing that the growth of a great idea must root itself in the general sentiment of a community, the Industrial Education Association has most wisely used its influence to have classes in domestic economy formed in some of the best private schools of the city. Accordingly we learn that in some schools of high repute a series of practical lessons in the advanced course in domestic economy has been given or is now in progress. The work of the Society is by no means limited to girls, as has been already seen. Classes for boys are soon to be opened in which will be taught the essential principles underlying the mechanic arts, the use of tools, and such arts or trades as may seem desirable for those whom they wish to reach.

The Association does not propose, however, to stop short at these objects, widely and fundamentally useful as they are; nor could it, indeed, do so. Such a work as this spreads wide its ramifications; these are but the initial steps; whither they are tending may be perceived, but how far they may lead cannot yet be discerned.

SOUTHERN FORESTS.

In calculating the attractions of the Southern States to immigrants, it is rarely that the forests are ever mentioned. A bit of cleared land is of value because it is open to manual labor, and an orange grove, though the trees may be but two years old, possesses absolute value for its prospective yield. The stately pine and the noble oak are looked at solely with respect to the cost of clearing, and the method of accomplishing this is one of the barbarities of civilization. The trees are felled by professional wood-cutters, gathered into heaps and burnt. It costs about twenty dollars in hard cash to clear an acre of its wood that should, according to the value of wood in the markets where it is wanted, be worth more than double the money. But here, where the fires blaze night and day, there is nothing left but a heap of white ashes and the hard, coarse vegetation which will require a team of horses or a yoke of oxen to plow up and prepare for the future crops. There was a time when the Southern man resorted to this method of getting rid of his trees with reluctance. He split them and made fences of the rough sticks, or he piled them up and allowed them to rot. The introduction of the barbed-wire fence has changed his plans, however, and now every clearing is one in fact as well as in name, and the pine and the oak fly off into smoke or sink into the earth as fertilizing ashes. That the time will come when all this timber will be wanted, cannot be doubted. It may not be in this generation or the next, but some day the people of this country will awake to the fact that their forefathers were prodigal of their wishes, but that their sons are poor. Neither can it be said that the present wastefulness can be avoided, at least no one has shown how it can be. The ground is not cleared and the trees burned out of pure wantonness, but because the land is wanted for cultivation and the trees are burned because there is no other way of disposing of them. Left on the ground they will rot and be of less service than their ashes procured through fire. The only question that can be asked at the present time is this: "Is there no possible use for this wood? Cannot some method be devised of transporting it to some place where it will possess a commercial value?"

The principal wood of the South is pine—the pitch-pine, from which turpentine is extracted, and the yellow pine, which possesses a fine close grain, and which, when polished, is one of the most beautiful woods known. It makes a capital railroad sleeper, and it is much used for flooring and other interior work on buildings. Southern houses when entirely ceiled with pine and varnished, are much admired, and we wonder why it has not come more into use at the North for similar purposes. It ought to make better cheap furniture than the ash, now so much used, and the best of houses, floored with it and then treated in the proper way with a polishing material, would, with a few handsome rugs, rival the best Parisian houses, where carpets are unknown.

But the South also possesses many other trees of more value than the pine. There are vast groves of oak, and the live oak of Florida has such a

reputation for its quality as to call long ago for the protection of the Government. The red oak is also a fine class, and is capable of entering into a variety of manufactures. There are many other trees that, on account of their scarcity and attractiveness, will always be valued and when possible preserved, but the pine and the oak undergo wholesale destruction yearly, and the South is not so rich but that every source of income should be studied and if possible increased. Is it not possible to make the forests there a means of profit? The surface of the South is also completely covered, in many sections, with a luxuriant shrub called the saw-palmetto. It is most difficult to eradicate, the roots running deep into the ground, requiring an ax and the grubbing hoe. It is a coarse, fibrous plant, and it is said that good paper has been made of it. Millions of tons can be had at the cost of gathering it, but now the owner of property thus infested has but one remedy—fire. That the palmetto has been placed there for some wise purpose can scarcely be doubted. Is not the wisdom of man equal to the emergency?

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

WHETHER the great World's Fair at New Orleans proves a success or not, it is nevertheless true that the multitude of exhibits are of great interest and value, offering opportunities for examination and comparison greater than we shall be able to see again, probably, for many years. Not the least attractive display is that of electro-plated-ware, and when we remember that this industry began but little over forty years ago, it is indeed, surprising that so much has been accomplished. The immense case of these goods, which we illustrate in this impression, represents the exhibit of the Meriden Britannia Company, of Meriden, Conn., the leading manufacturers of this specialty in the world. The case itself, resembling a small house in the amplitude of its dimensions, has a history of its own. First constructed for use at the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, it was removed at the close of that great fair to the old salesrooms of the company, at 550 Broadway, New York city, to be again transferred, when, in search of more commodious quarters, the company opened their present silver palace in Fourteenth Street, opposite Union Square Park. When, with characteristic enterprise, its owners decided upon their magnificent exhibit at New Orleans, nothing was found more suitable for the purposes of display than this now historic case.

Of the wares shown, everything is included that adds to the beauty of the dinner-table or drawing-room, and of such a variety of designs and finish that a full description would require columns of space. Here are tea and dinner services heavily coated with silver and gold upon a nickel silver base, and wrought into the most artistically beautiful forms imaginable. At the centre of the pavilion stands a magnificent epergne, one of the largest ever made (measuring nearly eight feet at the base), while within the cases are examples of fruit, ice cream and dessert sets; prize cups for yachting, rowing, bicycling, ball, etc.; dishes for every conceivable purpose of household use or ornament; exquisitely mounted crystal, rich with the contrasts of colored inlaying; punch bowls, glowing with iridescent colors, and decorated with designs strongly Moorish in sentiment; smoking sets and cigar boxes; sconces, fans and mirrors; bronze or copper inlaid work similar to the medieval *email de neilure*, and hundreds of other articles that alike tempt the housekeeper and charm the artist. An ice urn shows in its decoration a *repoussé* scene of the Mississippi steamer *R. E. Lee*, and upon another portion of its circumference a cotton-plant in full bloom, while such prosaic objects as knives, spoons and forks breathe the poetry of the classical Olympians in handles figured with graceful *repoussé* forms of gods and goddesses. Some of the processes of manufacture are also shown, and such a simple utensil as a fork is exhibited in the twenty-six different stages that terminate in the perfect article, while a method of covering, with an extra coating of silver, the most exposed portions of spoons and forks is revealed in the workings of a small model, a practical proof of the increased durability obtained by this invention. All the smaller objects of table-ware bear the celebrated brand of 1847—Rogers Bros., a brand rendered famous for the quality of the articles upon which it is stamped.

But all these evidences of the high rank attained in plated-ware, require a personal examination to fully realize all the beauties that have been developed in the last few years. The Meriden Britannia Company may well be proud of their display at New Orleans.

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

ARRORS of the celebration, recently, of Victor Hugo's eighty-third birthday, the following from the *Paris Morning News* will be of interest: At this time of the year Victor Hugo receives a great many cosmopolitan visits. His fame is so worldwide that illustrious tourists from all parts, on arriving in the French capital, seek an audience of him. The great French poet is very hospitable, and seldom refuses to gratify the desires of his admirers. In exceptional cases he invites the visitor to his table. It is at once an honor and a treat, for the veteran bard is a capital host, and knows how to entertain his guests. Victor Hugo continues to wear wonderfully well. Like his countryman who is installed at the Elysée, he looks far younger than his age. Nobody would imagine he was in his eighty-second year.

Victor Hugo's little hotel in the old Avenue d'Eylau, which now bears his name, is well known to the literary pilgrim. It is an unpretentious residence, and thousands pass before it, little dreaming that its tenant is the greatest living genius of France. It consists of a *rez de chaussée* and two upper floors, with a small garden and conservatory. The apartments are well-furnished, but there is no attempt at luxury—in fact, the poet prefers old furniture to new, and has a horror of things gaudy. Of course, there is no end of *objets d'art*, the greater part being the offerings of friends and admirers. Conspicuous among them is a bust of Victor Hugo by David, of Angers, and a painting by Noillemot, representing the grandchildren, whom the poet has immortalized. There is also a very fine collection of tapestry, ancient and modern.

Like most great men, Victor Hugo is an early riser. As a rule, he is up at daybreak both Winter and Summer. He is also very regular in his

habits. In fact, his mode of living is arranged almost like clockwork. As soon as he is dressed he breakfasts on eggs and coffee, and works in his study till noon. The poet never sits down to work, but stands before a high desk. Now and then he relieves himself by walking to and fro, or sipping some sugared water. The amount of literary labor he gets through from sunrise to noon is something incredible. Punctually as the clock strikes twelve, he lays down his pen—always a goose-quill—and goes down-stairs to his midday meal, where he meets his grandchildren and other members of the family. It is then that he throws off his poetic mantle and gives himself entirely up to the innocent joys of simple mortals.

The poet spends his afternoons out of doors. After strolling till he feels tired he hails the first omnibus he sees and mounts the knifeboard "comme un jeune homme." Not by any means will he ride inside. All the omnibus drivers know him. The knifeboard is his favorite point of observation, whence he gathers inspiration from the passing crowds below. Many of his famous characters have been caught in his mind's eye while taking a three-sou drive from the Arc de Triomphe to the Bastille.

Refreshed by his open-air excursion, he returns home to dinner, which is fixed at eight o'clock. There are always a few guests. Victor Hugo is very abstemious, both in eating and drinking. He drinks Bordeaux as a rule, but never undiluted. Even on the most ceremonious occasions he will not depart from his *eau rouge*. He was once dining at the Tuilleries under Louis Philippe. The Duc de Nemours, who was opposite him, ordered a certain bottle of wine to be placed by the poet's side; it was an old Chateau Lafitte, worth its weight in gold. His Royal Highness gazed at Victor Hugo, curious to see what effect the taste of such nectar would have on him. Judge of his horror and surprise on seeing the bard pollute it with the contents of the water-decanter.

It is this sobriety and regularity which enables Victor Hugo to get through so much work. The first attempt of the poet was written at the age of fourteen. It was a piece of poetry called "Le Jury." He sent it to the Academy hoping to win a prize, but it was not "crowned." Nothing daunted, young Hugo persevered, and soon convinced the Forty Immortals that he possessed the sacred fire. He composes with wonderful rapidity. For example, he wrote his "Cromwell" in three months, and his "Notre Dame de Paris" in four months and a half. But even these have been his longest periods of labor, and as he grew older he wrote faster. "Marion Delorme" was finished in twenty-four days, "Hernani" in twenty-six, and "Le Roi Amuse" in twenty. To-day, in his eighty-second year, he is more rapid than ever; and verily, indeed, may it be said that "panting time toils after him in vain."

But to return to the poet in his daily life. During dinner he amuses his guests with lively anecdotes, which he has a talent for telling as well as writing. In this respect he is unlike many other authors, who are all pen and no tongue. Ladies will be flattered to learn that their sex holds an important position at the poet's table. Victor Hugo the older he grows appears to like ladies' society the more. He is very gallant, and kisses the hands of his lady visitors in the good old courtier style. He is no poser, as men of genius sometimes are, but adopts a simplicity which puts his guests at their ease. He never monopolizes the conversation, and has a knack of not allowing other people to do so.

COMPARATIVE CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

THE London Times publishes a curious list of comparative consumptions of alcoholic drinks in the different nations of Europe. It shows that neither is cold the chief excuse for stimulants, nor is it a matter of race. The least average consumption per head per annum is in Canada, where there is an extremely cold winter; and by far the greatest consumption of pure spirits per head is in Denmark; while Norway, close as it is to Denmark in neighborhood and climate, comes only second to Canada in its moderation. The list is:

	Spirits Litres.	Wine Litres.	Beer Litres.
Canada.....	3.08	0.29	8.51
Norway.....	3.90	1.00	15.30
United States.....	4.79	2.64	31.30
Great Britain and Ireland.....	5.37	2.09	143.92
Austria-Hungary.....	5.76	2.40	28.42
France.....	7.28	119.20	21.10
Russia.....	8.08	Unknown	4.65
Sweden.....	8.14	0.36	11.00
German Zollverein.....	8.60	6.00	65.00
Belgium.....	9.30	3.70	169.30
Switzerland.....	9.40	55.00	37.50
Netherlands.....	9.87	2.57	27.00
Denmark.....	18.90	1.00	33.33

From this it appears that Belgium is far the greatest beer-drinker, while Great Britain comes in a good second; and that France is the greatest wine-drinker, with Switzerland as a good second. Some of the Teutonic races are among the most abstemious, and others amongst the most self-indulgent as regards spirits. No general law of any kind appears to suggest itself. Certainly no clew is supplied by the relative condition of education in the various countries. In both Germany and Switzerland, where the popular education is best, the level of alcoholic consumption is very high.

HOW SICILIAN GIRLS GET HUSBANDS.

It is said that in the island of Sicily the girls get husbands in the following manner: In the hospital at Palermo the long dormitories were clean and orderly, but the curious and peculiar feature of this establishment was the parlour or reception-room—a large, long room, the greater portion of which was divided off from the side and farther end by an iron grating, which forms a cage, entered only by a well-barred street door, through which visitors are admitted from the outer world. Here they sit on the iron grating once a week. On Sunday morning, from ten to twelve, this place is the scene of the most novel and judicious courtships ever described. One of the objects of this motherly establishment is to find fit husbands for the girls in its charge. The one requisite of suitors is much like that in society—the young man is bound to show himself in possession of sufficient means to maintain a wife in comfort before he is allowed to aspire to the hand of one of the precious damsels. Having given in his credentials of fitness to the guardian, he receives a card which admits him the next Sunday morning to an inspection of the candidates for matrimony. There, sitting on a bench, if his curiosity and ardor will allow him to remain sitting, he awaits the arrival, on the

other side of the grating, of the Lady Superior, accompanied by a girl who has been selected by order of seniority and fitness for household work from a hundred or more, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, waiting for a youth to deliver them from their prison. After the couple look at each other, the Lady Superior asks the maiden and the young man if they are satisfied. When the betrothal has taken place they part till the Sunday following, when the young lover again makes his appearance before the Tribunal of Guardians, and there the contracts are signed, the day of the marriage fixed, and he is granted leave to bring the ring, earrings and wedding-dress, and present them through the gridding to his betrothed. Everything has to pass the scrutiny of the Sisters, for fear of a letter or some tender word being insinuated with the gifts. During the few Sundays that intervene between the first scene and the marriage, an hour's conversation within hearing of the Lady Superior is allowed, but not a touch is exchanged. Should the young man refuse the first damsel presented to him, he is favored with the sight of two or three more, but should he still feel diffident he is dismissed. The marriage over the task of the Sisters is done.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

THE American clipper ship *Snow and Burgess*, of Philadelphia, visited an unfrequented part of the world on a recent voyage from Port Blakely, Washington Territory, to the former city. Pitcairn Island, the spot visited, is a lonely and distant land in the South Pacific Ocean, latitude 25° 3', and longitude 130° 8' west. It is two and one-quarter miles in length and one mile in breadth. The shores rise almost perpendicularly, and there is but one accessible landing-place, Bounty Bay. The island is clothed with a luxuriant verdure, and the bases of its lofty cliffs are skirted with thickly branching evergreens. Its inhabitants are specially interesting, because they are the descendants of the mutineers of the famous ship *Bounty*, and are isolated from the entire world. The islanders are described by Captain Anderson, as a community such as has been the dream of poets and the aspirations of philosophers. James Russell McCoy, the Chief Magistrate of the country, with all of the men, came off in a large whale-boat and boarded the *Snow and Burgess* miles out at sea. They reported the entire population to be 130 souls, all of whom were enjoying good health.

In 1787 the ship *Bounty* set sail from England, under the direction of the English Government, for the Society Islands, for a stock of bread-fruit trees. The island of Tahiti was reached in safety and the trees collected, but the *Bounty* had not proceeded long on her return voyage when the majority of her crew, overcome by the temptation of leading a life of total idleness and dissipation in a luxurious climate, determined to mutiny. One of the mates, Fletcher Christian, was the leader of the mutiny, and out of a crew of forty-six men, sixteen only remained true to their commander. Captain Bligh was afterwards put in a boat with sixteen of his crew and turned adrift in the ocean. Afraid of being captured, Christian left Pitcairn and landed at Norfolk Island, and again left there for Pitcairn Island, where most of his descendants now reside. For years the English Government supposed all hands had perished, as nothing had been seen of them. In 1808 Captain Tolger, of the ship *Topaz*, of Boston, called at Pitcairn for water, and, having supposed it to be uninhabited, was much surprised to see a canoe with two men of a light brown hue approach the vessel and request, in good English, that a rope be thrown them. They were the descendants of the mutineers.

At a distance the island is completely hidden in the trees, so that from the sea it appears uninhabited. When the men boarded the *Snow and Burgess* their dress was a perfect caricature. Some wore long black coats without any other article of dress; others had shirts without coats, and still others wore waistcoats without either of the first-mentioned garments. None had shoes or stockings, and only two possessed hats, neither of which seemed likely to hang long together.

Cats lead charmed lives at Pitcairn. The law in regard to these animals is that if a cat is killed without being positively detected in killing fowls, however strong the suspicion may be, the person killing such cat is obliged, as a penalty, to destroy 300 rats, whose tails must be submitted for inspection of the magistrate by way of proof that the penalty has been paid.

The females, nearly all of whom are unmarried, are tall, straight and handsome, with black, glossy hair and ivory teeth, and have generally a piece of cloth for their clothing, of their own manufacture, reaching from the waist to the knees. Sometimes they carry a loose piece of cloth to protect them from the sun or the severity of the weather. It is said that the morality of the early Pitcairn people has disappeared. More immoral conduct has occurred lately than ever before. It is believed that continued intermarriage in so small a community has begun to produce its usual effects, and that both physical degeneracy and mental weakness are likely to appear in the future. For this reason the English Government will no doubt remove them before many years. The only business at the island consists in furnishing fruits to passing vessels.

ANTIQUITY OF ROLLER-SKATING.

ROLLER-SKATING rinks are multiplying so fast that it is almost impossible to keep track of the entertainments which take place at these popular places of amusement. The origin of roller-skating dates many years back, having been introduced at Paris in the year 1819 by M. Dumas, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, where a *pas de deux* was executed on roller-skates. No attempt was made at that time to popularize the new invention. In the year 1829 the ballet in the opera of "Le Prophete," by Meyerbeer, were mounted on wheels or roller-skates.

In the celebrated skating scene in "Le Prophete," to which the composer has written such characteristic music, peasants, soldiers and sailors, in fact all classes of the population of Holland, appear on the ice of the stage river and skate away to their destination. Unfortunately, some of the skaters found it sooner than they had expected by bringing up in one of the boxes on a level with the stage. The skates of that period were very clumsy as compared with those now in use. The pivot principle had not at that time been adopted, and the skaters and dancers found it difficult to either stop themselves or turn without slackening their speed. In France and Brussels large rinks were opened with considerable success over fifty years ago.

BISMARCK AS AN ORATOR.

THE London *Daily News* thus describes Bismarck's manner of speaking and his mode of showing anger: "He is no elegant orator, rather the contrary, but he can lead a debate like no one else. Only a few days ago he spoke seven times in one afternoon, each time with more energy and spirit, proving that his health is indeed restored. Several members had already spoken and the House was still empty, when suddenly members filed in from all the doors, and the benches began to fill. A rumor had been circulated that Bismarck would appear, and shortly afterwards a narrow door near the President's chair opened, and the tall figure entered. Suddenly soft bells are heard in all parts of the House. The electric bells in the reading-room, in the committee-rooms, and in the journalists' rooms are sounded to announce the arrival of the Chancellor, who has shown that he will speak presently, for with one of his pencils, more than a foot long, he has noted down something on the loose quarto sheet before him, with letters not less than an inch deep, and this is a safe sign that he intends speaking.

"The President bows to him, and Prince Bismarck rises to 'take the word.' He is certainly more than six feet high; over his powerful chest and broad shoulders rises a strangely rounded, well-shaped head of enormous dimensions, and with no hair upon it, so that it looks like a dome of polished ivory. Thick white brows hang over his eyes like two icicles. These brows give his face a dark and frowning expression, and the look which glimmers in his eyes is cold and somewhat cruel—at least in Parliament. His mustache is also thick and gray, and conceals the mouth entirely. The whole face is covered with folds and wrinkles, broad rings surround his eyes, and even his temples are covered with small wrinkles.

"When he begins to speak the color of his face changes from pale to red, and gradually assumes a light-brown shade, which gives his powerful skull the appearance of polished metal. It is a surprise to hear Bismarck speak for the first time. The soft, almost weak voice is out of all proportion with his gigantic frame. It sometimes becomes so soft that we fear it will die out altogether, and when he has spoken for awhile it grows hoarse. The Chancellor sometimes speaks very fast, sometimes very slowly, but never in a loud tone. He has no pathos whatever. Some of his most remarkable words, which in print look as if they had been spoken with full force, as if they must have had the effect of a sudden thunderbolt on the audience, are in reality emitted in an ordinary tone of well-bred conversation.

"Personal attacks upon his enemies are spoken by Bismarck with ironical politeness, and in such an obliging tone as if they concealed the kindest sentiments. But if his anger cannot be heard, it can be seen; his face gradually grows red, and the veins on his neck swell in an alarming manner. When angry he usually grasps the collar of his uniform, and seems to catch for breath. His brows are lowered still more, so that his eyes are almost invisible. His voice grows a shade louder, and has a slight metallic ring in it. The sentences drop from his lips in rapid succession. He throws back his head, and gives his face a hard, stony expression.

"But it is difficult to discern when his anger is real and when it is artificial. The Chancellor has been seen trembling with rage, and more like the elements let loose than like anything else. Once, when he thought that the word 'Fie!' had been said by one of the Opposition Party, he had one of his attacks, which would have silenced the House had every one been speaking at once. With trembling nostrils, with his teeth firmly set, with eyes that emitted fire, and clinched hands, he jumped from his place to the side where the word had sounded. If apologies and explanations had not been offered, who knows how this scene might have ended?

"But except upon such rare occasions Bismarck, the orator, is always a well-bred man. He does not bawl nor shout any part of his speeches, but while giving them their full share of pointed sarcasm he always maintains the form of a political conversation between gentlemen. He has a method of his own for waging war with his opponents. He regards his opponents' speech as a ball of wool, the last sentence spoken being the end which he takes in hand first, and with which he begins to unwind the whole speech as he would unwind the ball of wool. But it is easy to see that while his tongue is speaking his spirit is far in advance of it. He hesitates in his speech, then suddenly recalls himself and puts forth a number of clear thoughts, which it is easy to see occurred to him at the moment.

"One of the great charms of Prince Bismarck's speeches is that he never follows any given form or method, but that all he says is inspired at the moment. He commands humor and sarcasm to a high degree, and often at a time when they are least expected, so that even his bitterest enemies are not rarely moved to laughter by his words."

THE SINGULAR SARAH.

THE Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph* writes of another phase in the strange career of Sarah Bernhardt: "On the walls of the Hotel Drouot, the other day, a little blue handbill announced the sale of 'Artistic furniture, on account of the departure of the owner.' No name, not even an initial, terminated the advertisement. In the midst of a pile of shabby furniture, worn-out carpets, unbound books, faded photographs, water-color drawings, oil paintings, etc., collected in one of the dingy rooms of the great auction mart, might be noticed articles marked with the well-known monogram 'S. B.' There, too, were visible some of the pictures that Mme. Bernhardt took with her to America to prove to the barbarians of the United States that she was a great painter as well as a great actress. Most noticeable amongst these last was the painting of 'Death and the Young Girl,' which enjoyed its hour of celebrity, and which was said to owe whatever artistic qualities it might possess to the pencil, no less than to the counsels, of Alfred Stevens. The story goes that the great Belgian painter, coming one day to call on Mme. Bernhardt and finding her out, took up her palette and painted on the unfinished picture that was then upon the easel the rose that lies at the young girl's feet. A charming visiting-card, truly. And Sarah, giving up all her possessions to her creditors, has taken refuge in a furnished house on the Rue St. George, the rent whereof is \$4,000 per annum. The agent refused to let her have it unless a year's rent was paid beforehand, which was done. She receives \$300 per night from the manager of the Porte St. Martin. Her creditors are to receive \$180 of this, and Sarah must contrive to eke out a precarious subsistence with the remaining \$120. Can she accomplish that feat? I very much doubt it. 'Do you think I can get along on \$1,000 a week pocket money, if all my expenses are paid?' she

asked of a brilliant French dramatist, when she was about to sail for the United States. 'Since you ask me the question,' was his response, 'I do not think you can.'

HERE AND THERE.

Mrs. Lowell's grave, in Kensal Green Cemetery, is very near the grave of the late John Lothrop Motley, who was one of Mr. Lowell's predecessors as United States Minister to England.

THE London *Literary World* proposes that a person devoted to literary pursuits shall be called a "litterarian." This does sound ever so much better than "ink-slinger," "dispenser of hog wash," or even "paste-pot artist," terms which have been used quite frequently, especially in the classic circles of the Occident.

RECENTLY a letter arrived at the Berlin Post Office addressed to "Guilermo Imperiali." It was handed to the Emperor, who was not a little amused to find it containing a most enthusiastic expression of undying love, apparently for himself. After inquiry, it was found that the letter was meant for an Italian artist of that name, who now doubly treasures the document.

Mr. T. W. Parsons, Boston's favorite "occasional" poet, has written a poetical address to the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, opening with these lines:

"Historic gentleman! almost the last Of those high names that link with our proud past, This 'ignorant present' which less learned men, And less heroic wield with tongue or pen, Thy State salutes in thee her noblest son! For words of gold on glorious Washington."

THE original autograph love-letters written by John Keats to Fannie Browne, which are about to be sold, comprise thirty-five epistles of from one to three pages each. They are said to present a complete picture, if painful, of the unfortunate poet's mind during the last two years of his life. The sister of the poet, who is now the widow of Senor Llanos, and whose Christian name was Fannie, is living at Madrid surrounded by eleven children and grandchildren. Her age is past eighty, and she is strong and active.

TRUTH is constantly coming to the justification of fiction. The strange story of the marriage of the Earl of Durham, the details of which have been profusely cabled to the New York newspapers of late, furnishes a perfect parallel to that of Gilbert Vaughan and Pauline in the much-read novel, "Called Back." The beautiful heroine with the clouded mind figures in each. The difference between the romance and the reality is, however, striking as regards what follows the marriage; for in the former all ends happily, while the latter has terminated in a divorce suit.

MR. GLADSTONE is in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He entered the House of Commons in 1832, and has sat in every session for fifty-three years. He has been a Parliamentary leader for half a century, standing in the front rank since 1845, when he was Colonial Secretary in the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel. He became Premier in 1868, was subsequently overthrown by Disraeli, and again rose to the first place on the retirement of his great rival. The present generation has seen half a dozen such well-seasoned old British Prime Ministers. There have been Disraeli, Russell, Palmerston, Derby, Aberdeen—and, to go back a little further, veterans like Melbourne, Grey and Brougham. Wintry age and ministerial hot water are closely associated in the British Cabinet.

PROBABLY it is familiarity which has bred contempt. Anyway, people are beginning to speak disrespectfully of dyspepsia, and eminent doctors proceed to strip that time-honored bugbear of its attributes of terror in the most iconoclastic manner. Dr. Austin Flint, of New Haven, says: "Dyspeptics are chiefly persons who eat regularly, restrict their diet to simple food in small amounts, and constantly have their stomachs on their minds. The old-fashioned ideas on this subject are all wrong, and I have said so of late repeatedly in lecturing to medical students. I now tell my patients to eat whenever they are hungry, no matter if it is directly before going to bed, never to quit the table with the appetite unsatisfied; appease your thirst in the same way according to instinct; and to live as sumptuously as possible. You may find gont among the gourmands, and other undesirable diseases, but never dyspepsia."

A book entitled "The Works of the Poet Coachman, Matthew Suttill," has drawn attention to New York's newest phenomenon in the Jehu line. Mr. Suttill drives out Pegasus with such results in the line of *vers de société*—as:

"Go lightly over my head, mamma,
Go lightly over my head,
For when the comb gets caught in my hair,
mamma,
I almost wish I was dead."

Philanthropy also has its claims upon him, and he writes of the "Poor Tramp" as follows:

"A friendless tramp! he lifts his eyes,
And then in agony—he dies.
Moneyless! in rags he lies—1,000's of them."

In one respect the coachman poet resembles Lord Tennyson—he writes literary plays without a view to the exigencies of the modern stage. His book closes with a drama in three acts, which, the writer says, "was written to puff up the artist hairdresser, Vaunt, in Philadelphia, and only to be used as a parlor pantomime in private houses. It was never intended for the stage, and is unfinished."

THE mention of the "Swiss bell-ringers" starts memory on a pleasant tour back to the days of childhood, and thousands of fathers and mothers of to-day will regret to learn that Mr. and Mrs. William Peak, the seniors of the once famous family, are inmates of the Cortland County Poorhouse, near Homer. Mrs. Peak is seventy-five years old, and her husband is seventy-six. In chatting of the past, the bell-ringers say that though they were native Americans they chose the title of the Swiss Family for advertising purposes. Their home was in Medford, Mass. About forty years ago they went with John B. Gough to Eastport, Me., and while there heard the Swiss bell-ringers with P. T. Barnum. The Swiss people were anxious to return home, the climate having proved fatal to two of their number. Mr. Peak bought them out. "After three months' practice," said Mrs. Peak, "William had made himself master of the bell-ringing art, and had also instructed the other members of our family. On our public appearance triumph after triumph followed in quick succession." Mr. Peak, in explaining his present destitution, said that in the days of his prosperity he lavished thousands on his children and spent a great deal in charity. A movement is on foot for the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Peak to the Old Folks' Home in Elmira.



THE MURRAY HILL HOTEL.

THE progress in hotel construction and in hotel-keeping in this country the last quarter of a century is little less than marvelous. The first-class hotel of to-day, in most cases, is a palace compared with that of five-and-twenty years ago, and in its conveniences, comforts and luxuries is a home, inducing hundreds every year to abandon housekeeping, with its cares and annoyances, and adopt hotel life. The remarkable advance that has been made may well excite the attention, if not the wonder and admiration, of all visitors to our shores, most of whom now admit the superiority of the American hotel and hotel system over their own. Skill, science and money have made the modern hotel absolutely perfect in construction and interior arrangement, and a magnificent example is the new Murray Hill Hotel, located on Park Avenue, extending from Fortieth to Forty-first Streets, the highest and healthiest ground on the Island of Manhattan. The massive building has a frontage of 200 feet on the avenue, 230 feet on Fortieth Street, and about the same on Forty-first Street. It is seven stories high, surmounted by an iron mansard roof with four ornamental towers at the angles, the one at the northeast corner rising 158 feet above the street, arranged as an observatory, and commanding a grand view of all New York city and the surrounding country, the prospect extending some thirty miles. The building is of granite, brown stone and brick, and it can be stated, soliciting the closest inspection, that the Murray Hill Hotel is fire-proof. All the sanitary features and appliances are of the most approved and scientific character, and are indorsed by the highest authorities. The ventilation is by a new method, and insures, at all times, the purest atmosphere. The hotel contains about 600 rooms, single or en suite, with private halls, baths, closets, etc., and the majority have open grate fire-places, marble mantels, mirrors, wardrobes, and all other, as well as many exclusive conveniences. They are all elegantly furnished, decorated and appointed, conveying the idea more of a private house than of a hotel. All the furniture is of new and elegant design, harmonizing with the carpets and decorations. In the comforts of beds, mattresses, lounges and easy-chairs, the rooms are alike and unsurpassed, combining rare utility and ease and refinement in taste. In a word, the opening of the Murray Hill Hotel marks an era in the history of local hotels, and gives to the metropolis the finest hotel building in construction, architecturally, in furniture, decorations and appointments, and is an important, as it is a magnificent acquisition to the great public buildings of New York. The Murray Hill Hotel has been leased for a term of years by the Messrs. Hunting & Hammond, who have many years' experience, and who will personally conduct the establishment, assisted by a corps of the best known and most competent heads of departments possibly to be obtained. The hotel is now open to the public on both the American and European plans. The location is exceptionally desirable as a permanent residence for families, or for tourists, travelers or business visitors to the metropolis. It is but one minute's walk from the Grand Central Depot, where trains depart for, and arrive from, all the chief cities and towns of the United States; accessible to all elevated and surface lines or railways and stages, the theatres, retail stores, churches and places of interest. *Patrons of the Murray Hill Hotel can have their baggage transferred to or from the Grand Central Depot, free of charge—a by no means unimportant consideration.* The administration of the hotel in each and every department will be strictly first-class, and it is intended to make the Murray Hill the most unexceptionable and refined, as it is the most elegant and luxurious hotel, in New York. It is believed, with its eligible location, careful management, superior cuisine, and attention to the comforts and desires of patrons, it will speedily take foremost place of the leading hotels of the metropolis, of which it is such an imposing ornament.

DEMOCRATIC SOUVENIR.



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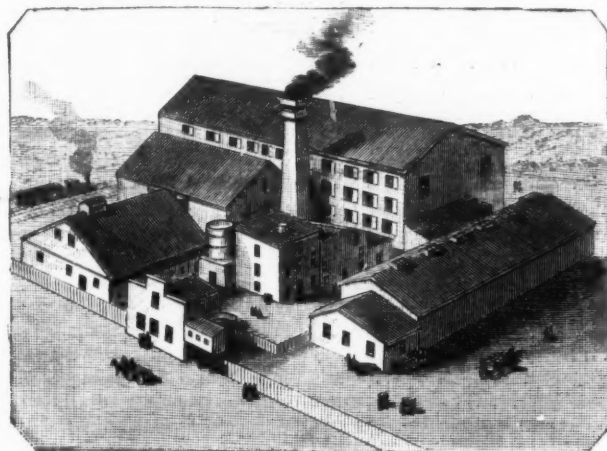
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